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Volume CCXLI No. 3131

THE SPHERE

London, June 4, 1960

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THE START OF A ROYAL JOURNEY

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive at King's Cross Station, in London, to join the train for an overnight journey to the north. They were travelling to County Durham to spend last Friday carrying out a number of engagements. This week, the Queen and the Duke had arranged to see the Derby and the Oaks; the Duke was also going to St. Paul's Cathedral to attend a service to mark the 600th anniversary of the Admiralty Court. After Whitsun, they have a number of engagements which now form part of the traditional Royal calendar for June. On Saturday, June 11, the Queen will ride to the Horse Guards Parade to attend the ceremony of Trooping the Colour. She will be accompanied by the Duke who has arranged to fly back from New York on the previous day (which is also his birthday) after opening the British Exhibition. Earlier, he will be visiting Ottawa for discussions in connection with his second Commonwealth Study Conference which is to take place in 1962. On Monday, June 13, when the Queen and the Duke are in residence at Windsor, they will attend the annual Garter Service at St. George's Chapel. On other days in the same week they will drive to Ascot

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NEWS SUMMARY

International Upheavals; Banning Nuclear Tests; A Sino-Russian Agreement? Ex-Nazis in Germany; The Latin American Scene

INTERNATIONAL

Upheavals—both natural and political—continued to afflict the world at the beginning of the week. Another earthquake added to the catastrophic condition of the people of Chile and the repercussions of the earlier Chilean earthquakes in the form of tidal waves and seismic shocks elsewhere in various parts of the world had still to be assessed. In Turkey, General Gursel had formed his provisional government following the military coup against Mr. Menderes.

The aftermath of the Summit failure continued to be a main focus of attention. In **New York** in the Security Council and outside it, Russian and United States spokesmen made charges and counter-charges of espionage. The Russian complaint against the U.S.A. for " aggression " in respect of the U.2 incident was decisively defeated in the Council. (It was understood Russia would carry the complaint to the U.N. Assembly.) A motion sponsored by the uncommitted nations calling on the Big Four to start trying to reopen negotiations was passed, with Russia and Poland abstaining. In **Geneva** the Three-Power conference—Britain, U.S.A. and Russia—on the discontinuance of nuclear tests met again on May 27 after a fortnight's recess. Hopes that a Summit might have given the delegates new instructions had, of course, entirely evaporated. Familiar obstacles remained, such as the details for a treaty banning large nuclear tests and the length of time for a voluntary moratorium on the smaller " undetectable " underground tests. It seemed that each side would have to re-state its case. British sources reported the first session, at which Mr. Tsarapkin of Russia spoke, to have been " businesslike and uncontroversial."

World Refugee Year ended on May 31. Eighty-nine nations, including one Communist State, Yugoslavia, had responded to the international appeal sponsored by the United Nations. When the final count was taken of the funds raised, it was hoped they might total between the equivalent of £15,000,000 and £20,000,000. There had also been an abundance of gifts in kind. Britain closed the World Refugee Year with an All-Party rally in the Albert Hall, in London.

THE SOVIET UNION

Addressing the Soviet Communist Labour movement in **Moscow** for three and a half hours, Mr. Khrushchev delivered a series of insults to President Eisenhower; announced Russia would be ready for another Summit in " six to eight months " or longer " if conditions were not ripe "; and declared that at the next Summit, China, India, Indonesia and " perhaps some others " should be included. Some foreign observers in the Soviet capital linked these three points. It was claimed that Mr. Khrushchev was acting in concert with Mao Tse-tung, of China. Both hoped the Republicans would be defeated in the American Presidential election in November. With the emergence of a Democratic regime in Washington pressure would be brought to bear for the recognition of China and her admission to the United Nations. Formosa would be held to hand as a pawn in this diplomatic game.

In spite of the Summit setback, Anglo-Russian cultural relations did not appear to be affected. The British exhibition of painting —from Hogarth to the present-day—was drawing large crowds to the Pushkin museum in Moscow. It was understood that the Bolshoi Ballet would appear in London at the end of June, as previously arranged. The first train on the London to Moscow direct service was due to reach Moscow on the evening of June 1. It left Liverpool Street, London, on the night of May 29.

FRANCE

" Surprise " strikes have been affecting the railways and other transport in Metropolitan France. These stoppages are called on a local and not a national basis, but they are understood to have the support of the extreme left-wing Confédération Générale du Travail. Early this week it was expected that steel workers would take similar action. Demands for higher pay are the cause of the strikes.

In **Algeria** polling took plâce last week-end in the county council elections. In spite of murderous threats from the Nationalists against any Algerians who voted, the poll was reported to have averaged about 60 per cent. throughout the constituencies.

GERMANY

The capture by Israel of Adolf Eichmann, Hitler's S.S. officer alleged to have been responsible for the extermination of 6,000,000 Jews in Europe, had repercussions in both Germanies. In **Bonn** it was learnt that legal proceedings were being accelerated against certain persons stated to have been assistants of Eichmann. In West Berlin, details were published purporting to show that many senior officials of the Government of **East Germany** and of the East German Communist Party had held posts in the Nazi party. This was especially embarrassing to Herr Grotewohl and his colleagues, as for a long time they have been accusing the West German authorities of tolerating ex-Hitlerites in responsible offices.

MOROCCO

King Mohammed V, without relinquishing his throne, is now also Prime Minister. His son, Prince Moulay Hassan, is not only heir to the throne but also Vice-President of the Government (Deputy Prime Minister). King Mohammed decided to dismiss the Government of Abdullah Ibrahim because, it is believed, he wished to counteract a trend to the left in Moroccan politics. Ibrahim's Government was supported by the labour unions and was formed in 1958 with the task of preparing for Morocco's first democratic elections which will not be completed until the end of next year. Morocco is historically a theocratic state: the ruler was the Sultan and Imam, the spiritual leader of his people. By changing his title from Sultan to King, King Mohammed wished to show that with independence (gained in 1956) a new era had begun. In principle, Morocco is being converted into a constitutional monarchy: at present it is a theocratic monarchy with a Government nominated by and responsible to the King.

LATIN AMERICA

Presidents come and go in **Panama,** on average one for every two years of the small republic's life since it became independent in 1903. The latest is Señor Roberto Chiari, who took over in what was described as the most peaceful election in recent times. Panamanian politics are in effect a closed shop, since the power changes hands between a few wealthy ruling families. But Señor Chiari is backed by a nationalist faction, which includes Señor Aquilino Boyd, the advocate of the nationalisation of the Panama Canal. The issue is inevitably highly controversial. The United States has sovereign rights in perpetuity in a corridor through Panama, including the canal. In the last months any national celebration by the Panamanians has included anti-U.S. demonstrations. Although the republic wants to operate the canal, through which over 51,000,000 tons of cargo passed last year, it is very debatable whether Panama has the resources to do it. It has a population of a little over a million and little industry.

Queen Elizabeth has accepted in principle an invitation from **Argentina** and **Chile** to arbitrate a frontier dispute between the two countries. The dispute concerns a section of the long frontier which has been a source of contention since the countries became independent in the nineteenth century. In 1881, Argentina and Chile signed a treaty which provided for the submission of any disagreements to a third party. In 1896, they signed a further treaty that any differences which could not be settled should be submitted to " The Government of Her Britannic Majesty." The Presidents of Argentina and Chile obtained the agreement of Queen Victoria to arbitrate if necessary and two years later they asked her to do so. A tribunal of three was appointed, but their report was not completed until 1902, when it was presented to Edward VII. This was accepted all round. The current dispute concerns the border in the Palena-Rio Escondido region.

The rift between the U.S. and Premier Castro's **Cuba** has widened still further. The American State Department announced that it was ending its foreign aid programme to the republic because it is no longer " in the national and hemispheric interests of the U.S." In recent weeks, Dr. Castro has accused the U.S. of planning aggression against Cuba. The foreign aid, consisting of technical assistance, was due to end in 180 days from the date of the announcement. Dr. Castro said that the U.S. could take its technicians home " tomorrow." A further recent development in Cuba was the signing of a trade pact with the U.S.S.R. under which Cuba receives Russian crude oil in return for sugar. The republic's relations with the Soviet Union were raised to ambassadorial level.

THE FAR EAST

Field Marshal Montgomery returned to Hong Kong after his five-day visit to China. He had met Mao Tse-tung, Mr. Chou En-lai and other Chinese Communist leaders and been entertained at a number of banquets. On a tour to a textile factory outside Pekin he had delivered himself of a typical forthright remark while examining a silken portrait of Karl Marx. The Field-Marshal was reported as saying: " I think Marx wants a haircut." Although Viscount Montgomery's visit to China was private and non-official, it was understood he would report to Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd on his return to London.

IN BRIEF

Athens has protested to the Italian Government about a report on Albania submitted by the Italian General Defence Staff to Nato Supreme Headquarters in Paris. This implied that the Greek province of Iporos, on the present Greek-Albanian border, is Albanian. Greece called the report " preposterously tendentious." . . . At **Wolverhampton** last Saturday, P. F. Radford became the first Englishman to break a world sprint record since W. E. Applegarth in 1904. He ran 220 yards round a bend in 20·5 seconds. . . . Motoring schools in **Luton,** Bedfordshire, are advising women learners to drive barefoot.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER'S RESIDENCE

Demonstrations continued last week in Tokyo against the ratification of the United States-Japanese Security Treaty. Police broke up vast crowds, mainly composed of students and trade unionists, outside the Diet building, the American Embassy and the official residence of Mr. Kishi, the Prime Minister. Mr. Kishi himself had not obtained support from a number of members of his Liberal Party in the ratification debate in Parliament. The Socialist Opposition was threatening to organise hostile demonstrations against President Eisenhower on his forthcoming visit to Japan. The anti-Treaty movement maintains that the agreement which provides for American bases in Japan could embroil their country in a war with China. How far there was opposition to the treaty outside Tokyo was difficult to assess

AMERICANS RELEASED BY RUSSIA

ALLEGATION OF RUSSIAN ESPIONAGE

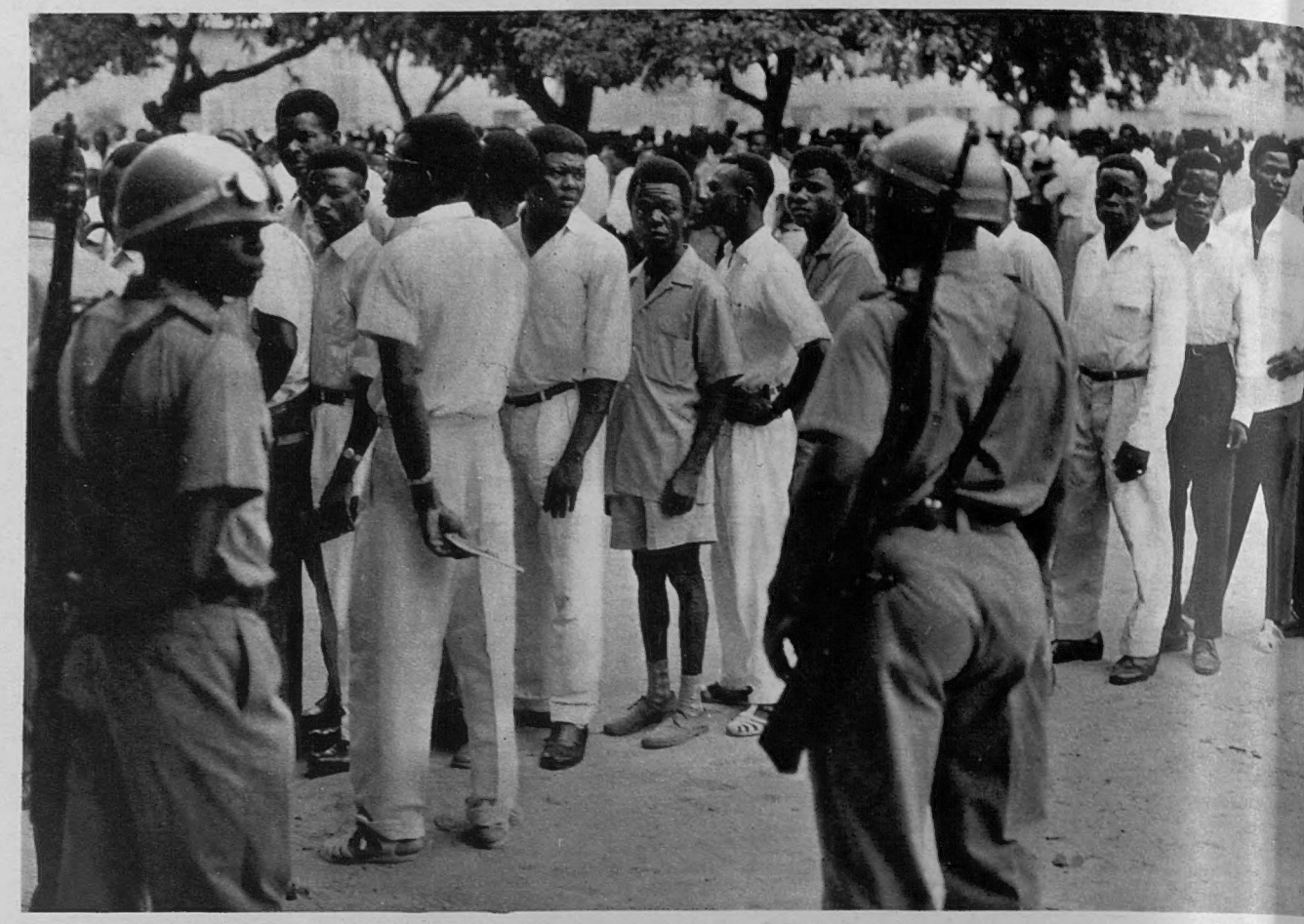
At the United Nations Security Council Mr. Cabot Lodge, the American delegate, uses a pointer to demonstrate an example of Soviet espionage. He and other members of his delegation are holding a wooden carving of the Great Seal of the U.S.A., presented to the American Embassy in Moscow by the Russians. Inside the Seal was space for a concealed microphone

Far left: On their return to Wiesbaden, three of the nine occupants of the American Dakota which was forced down in East Germany point to the place on the map where the aircraft landed. With the pilot, Captain James Lundy (right), are Captain and Mrs. McCash

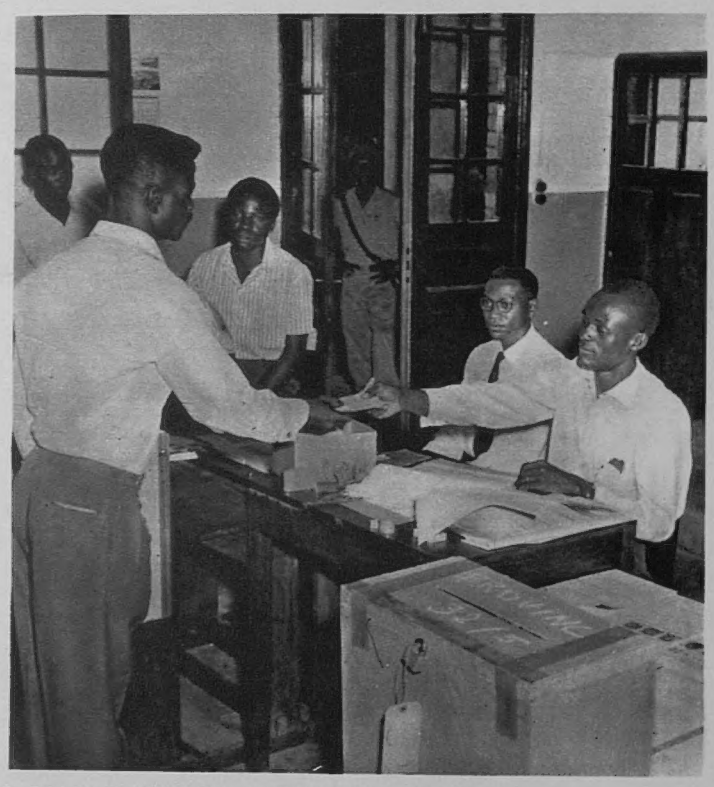
INTERROGATING A CAPTIVE AFTER A SIAMESE-BURMESE BORDER INCIDENT

The picture recently received in London from Siam shows Sarit Thanarat (second from right), the Siamese Prime Minister, joining military and police investigators in questioning a Karen youth, taken prisoner after a frontier incident. Police reports stated that a party of Karens (rebel tribesmen in Burma) had come raiding over the Siamese border in the Maesod district, 450 miles north of Bangkok. Seven policemen and ten civilians were killed and a number of women and children taken hostage before reinforcements of police and troops could reach the area to deal with the marauders. According to the Siamese sources, the Karens were being harassed by Burmese troops in the jungle and had crossed the frontier in search of food and ammunition. In a broadcast from Bangkok, Sarit Thanarat said he did not think any international implications were involved in the incidents

In the elections in Belgian Congo last month voting was for the Provincial Assemblies and for the National House of Representatives. The latter is one of the two Chambers in the Parliament created by the constitutional measures under which Belgian Congo becomes independent on June 30. The Second Chamber is the Senate. Senators will be returned on a regional basis by votes of the Provincial Assemblies on June 9. The House of Representatives and the Senate should meet as a Constituent Assembly on June 20. The Constitutional Conference in Brussels last February decreed that voters for the Provincial Assemblies and the Representatives must be males over the age of twenty-one, resident for the past six months, Congolese, or born of a Congolese mother. Belgians and other European residents were not entitled to the suffrage. Voting took place in various districts and towns at different times last month under conditions which could scarcely be described as happy. In view of the violent inter-tribal rivalries which had manifested themselves in serious disorders, troops of the Force Publique—the Belgian Army in the Congo—were concentrated in likely trouble spots to keep the peace. A curfew was enforced in some areas. It was feared that these inter-tribal rivalries might permeate the politics of the independent State. Looking to the future, it seemed that there must also almost certainly be economic difficulties ahead, as many of the white Belgians on whom the economy depended were departing from the country

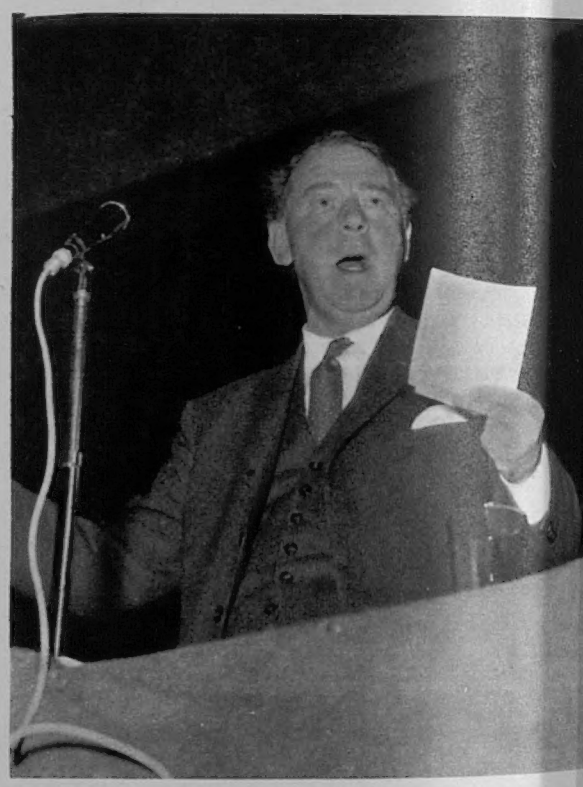


MEMBERS OF THE FORCE PUBLIQUE WATCH VOTERS QUEUEING IN LEOPOLDVILLE



A POLLING STATION IN BELGIAN CONGO

Far right: In the aftermath of the Summit failure, the Labour leader hit out against the unilateral disarmers and the pacifists in his party. Addressing the conference of the General and Municipal Workers' Union at Yarmouth, he propounded his view that Britain should stay within a nuclear-armed Nato. Mr. Gaitskell's policy was endorsed by a 5 to 1 vote by the conference. At the same time the Parliamentary Labour Party was reported to have shown strong support for its leader at a meeting. Only a few M.P.s were said to have dissented



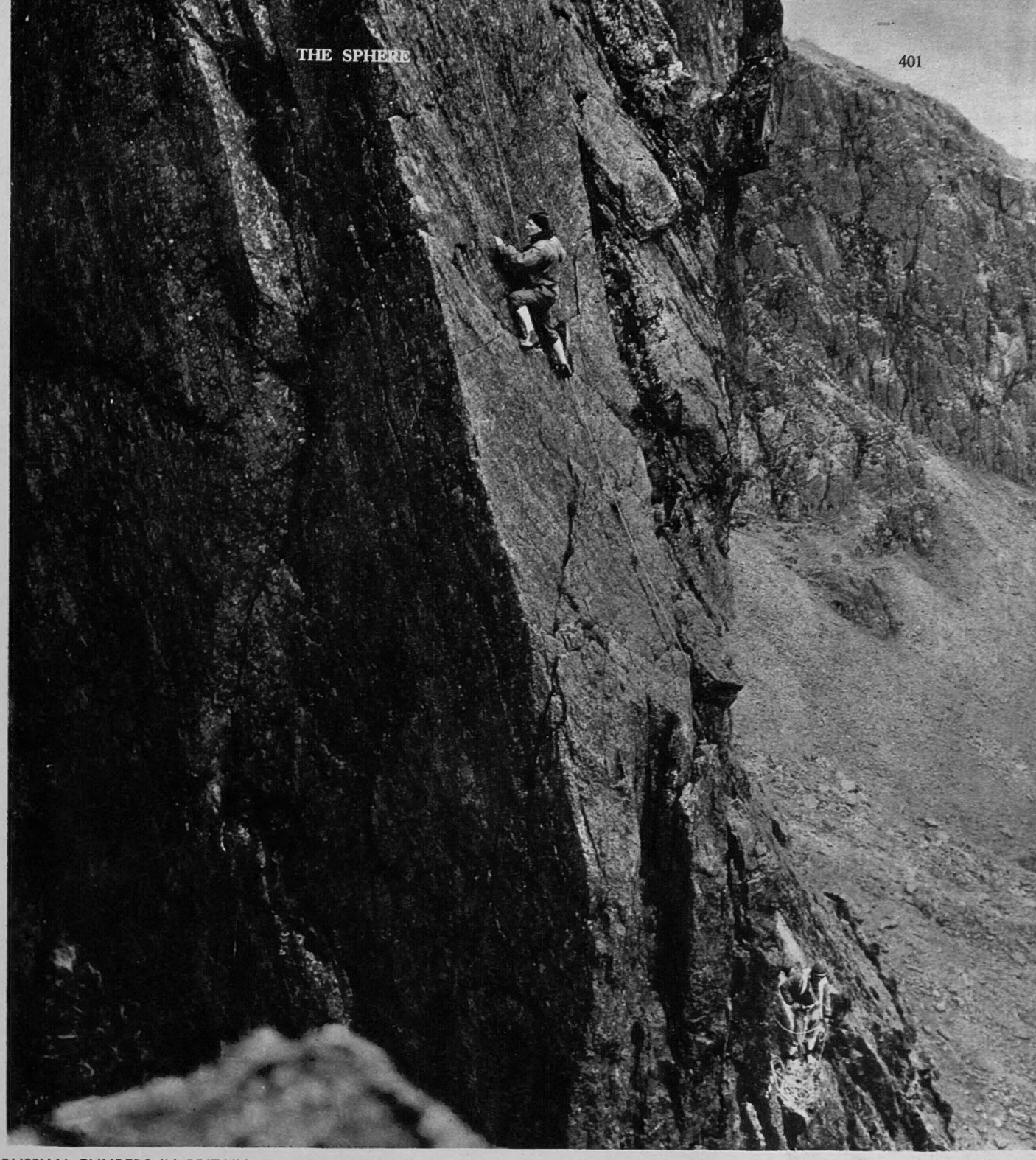
MR. GAITSKELL IN FIGHTING MOOD

Africa was concerned in two presentations recently in London. The Prime Minister of Nigeria, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, presented Sir Frederic Metcalfe with a gold salver. The presentation marked the retirement of Sir Frederic as Speaker of the Nigerian House of Representatives, an office which he had held since 1955 until this year. With the Prime Minister at the presentation was Mr. Dipcharima, Minister of Commerce. At St. Bride's Church, the vicar, the Rev. C. M. Armitage, received a cheque, contributed by journalists in Rhodesia and Nyasaland, from Mr. Claude Cooke, who is chief representative of the South African Press Association. The occasion was the dedication of the last stall in the restored church

PRESENTATION TO NIGERIA'S SPEAKER

A GIFT FROM RHODESIA

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



RUSSIAN CLIMBERS IN BRITAIN

Sir John Hunt, the conqueror of Everest, scales a rock face in Snowdonia, watched by a member of the group of Russian climbers, who are in Britain on a goodwill visit. The Russians, engaged on a three-week climbing expedition are the guests of a group of British climbers, headed by Sir John. Last week they made a number of ascents in Snowdonia. During this time, one of the six Russians, Eugene Grippenrieter, fell on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, and was taken to hospital in Bangor with head injuries. His condition was later reported to be "fair." Mr. Grippenrieter was leading two English climbers on a rope on the second pitch of the chimney route on the cliff when he slipped and fell 30 ft. A rescue party, led by Mr. Christopher Briggs, of the Snowdon mountain rescue team, carried him on a stretcher more than a mile over rough country. The Russian visitors are all expert climbers. Their leader, Mikhail Boroshko, who is a professor at the University of Kharkov, has made a number of first ascents in the Caucasian Mountains

INTERNATIONAL ANGLING MATCH IN SCOTLAND

Anglers set off from the pier on Loch Leven, in Kinross-shire, to take part in the international angling championship between representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The annual match was won this year by England with a catch of 57 trout (weighing 62 lb. 9 ozs.). Scotland was second with 52 trout (weighing 58 lb. 2 ozs.), and third and fourth were Wales and Ireland with 45 and 43 trout respectively. The total catch was 227 trout, including those caught by the four reserve boats. Each team of twelve in the quadrangular match, in the series which started in 1932, fishes for eight hours. Fishing had been excellent on Loch Leven, according to the report in *The Fishing Gazette*, but the weather on the day of the competition did not assist the anglers. In the morning there was a fresh east wind which changed to west later, bringing with it bright sunshine

Devastation in Lota, in central Chile, not far from Concepcion, the centre of the earthquakes in South America

During the past two weeks a series of earthquakes in Chile has made over 1,000,000 people homeless and killed, it is estimated, about 6,000. One of the shocks was among the most severe recorded in recent years, worse than Agadir. In the wake of the earthquakes, volcanoes in the Southern Andes, running down the long stretch of Chile, came to life and two new ones erupted. The face of parts of Chile was changed: towns disappeared under the sea and islands appeared. At the same time, the disturbances in the earth's crust set in motion huge waves which swept across the Pacific at speeds between 400 and 500 miles an hour. Four struck the Hawaiian Islands, leaving behind sixty-two dead and missing. Later, the waves reached Japan, 9,000 miles from Chile, and devastated the coast. Other waves travelled as far as Alaska and Siberia and New Zealand. From many parts of the world aid was sent to Chile. The U.S. transported by air two Army hospitals and 420 doctors, nurses and orderlies. The British Government offered £10,000. As the assistance was flown into Chile, estimates of the damage rose. It was expected to be weeks before full details were known.

Waves travelling 9,000 miles across the Pacific from Chile caused destruction in Shizukawa, in northern Japan

The Army takes control in Ankara. In a near bloodless coup, Mr. Menderes and other leaders were arrested

SHOCK AND UPHEAVAL

A Turkish Army tank stands outside the police headquarters in Istanbul. Troops and military police patrolled the streets

On Friday last week the Army in Turkey took control. The practically bloodless coup started in the early hours of the morning, and within a few hours Mr. Menderes and other members of his Government were arrested. They were replaced by a provisional Government, led by General Cemal Gursel, until recently Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Land Forces and now Head of State, Prime Minister and Minister of National Defence. He said that the Army was determined to leave power as soon as a new Constitution had been drafted, general elections held for a new National Assembly and the Assembly had approved the Constitution. General Gursel also said that Turkey would remain faithful to the London and Zurich agreements on Cyprus and to Nato and the Central Treaty Organisation. The events which led up to the coup were the Governmental attempts to repress the Opposition, led by Mr. Inonu, Turkey's elder statesman. Two months ago, Mr. Menderes used troops to bar Mr. Inonu's way while he was on tour in central Anatolia. It is known that General Gursel strongly disapproved of using the Army for political purposes. Apparently the crisis stemmed from this incident.

JOHN CONNELL

CURRENT AFFAIRS PROJECT

Tell me, my agreeable and spotty-faced chum, for I confess to an abiding interest in such matters, how far you have progressed in your historical studies, and which period attracts you most.

History, Grandpa ? Pooh, we don't fuss around with that old tripe at Harold Laski Memorial Coll. We do Projects on Current Affairs. I mean, you got to fit into contemporary living, haven't you?

For myself I have long failed to see the necessity. To you, dear child, whose young feet are set upon the stony road to a long succession of to-morrows, I humbly concede a different outlook and a different purpose. Perhaps, therefore, you would be so courteous and so long-suffering as to expound to your aged relative, by way of an example, this novel pedagogic method.

Cor, that 's easy. Old Toothpaste—he 's my tutorial adviser—he got ever so het up about that Paris caper a week or two back. Told us all to drop any other research we were on and concentrate on the Summit stuff. I was a bit mad, I can tell you; it meant I had to drop my Inquiry into the Public Relations aspects of Royal Weddings, and I 'll never be able to get my spot sample survey into order again. Still, we fixed ourselves a nice cosy little syndicate, and tied the whole thing up. We were bang on, I can tell you. Willie Schnitsauer, he covered all the theory, Ron Pebbleton kept to the hard news: me, I was for feature, personality stuff, the off-beat story—you know . . .

I doubt if I do, but pray proceed, quaint imp.

And then Serena——

Serena ?

Mr. Gromyko, of Russia, and Mr. Cabot Lodge, of the U.S., at the Security Council during the debate on the Soviet complaint against American "spy planes"

Oh, she 's a dope. A kid straight from some soppy grammar school. Old Toothpaste shoved her on us. Ron wanted to register a protest through the Students' Union, said it was mucking up a carefully co-ordinated schedule of research, but old Toothpaste got quite tough, and you can't reason with him when he goes all non-contemporary and officer-class. So we had the kid along as a stringer, to handle the woman's angle—circulation meat, I grant you, but not front page.

I think I comprehend the distinction. But I am eager to know: was this arrangement successful? What were the results of your carefully co-ordinated researches?

Successful? I 'll say it was. You see, when you really began to probe, this was red-hot news. All sorts of angles we uncovered. It built up absolutely cracker-jack. I mean there was all that spy lark, and that space ship let off just before the big boys stepped out to the red-carpet do. Now when Willy did our first news analysis—you know, proper News Behind the News, probing motivations, all that—we were confident it was all a cover.

A cover?

Well, a sort of double cover really. Ron spotted it all began with an up-and-downer about Berlin, reunited Germany, all that lark. Mark Uncle Ron's words, he said, it 'll end with Berlin. You see, if our hypothesis was correct, Mr. M. went double-quick time to Moscow, old K. he thought the West were real jittery about Berlin, so let 's have a quick top-level pow-wow. Not because he wanted a German settlement really, but just to keep the West on the hop. See?

The penetration of your analysis, dear boy, amazes me just as much as the lucidity of your exposition.

Kind of makes it easy for you to grasp it, doesn't it? Willie—he 's really brainy, Willie is—said we 'd get all clued up as soon as we understood the basic principle of Marxist methodology, then he said that under neo-Stalinist influence the Soviet Union was moving away from a Mikoyan high rate of consumer goods phase into a Malinowsky capital investment phase, and then he said that the Chinese end of the Moscow-Pekin axis was now exerting maximum anti-imperialist, anti-colonialist pressure in a desperate attempt to win over the uncommitted peoples . . .

Did Willie, if you 'll forgive the colloquialism, spill that mighty mouthful?

I told you, Grandpa, Willie 's ever so brainy. It 's tragic, really.

Tragic, my child?

Well, he went and read I can't tell you how many column inches of letters-to-the-editor by a top psychologist in a terribly top paper. That chap threw poor Willie good and proper. He began moaning and dribbling at the corner of his mouth every time anybody said Pavlov—and old Ron he went on about Pavlov a bit—so we had to stand him down from the project. Coll's resident psychiatrist diagnosed an acute anxiety neurosis, and said Willie needed a deep Freudian analysis. So he won't be back for two terms. We 've given him his by-line, of course. But Ron took over the project, and switched the angle—more newsy, more personality in it, less theory. Just what I wanted. I got in a big behind-the-headlines piece about the Russian word for riff-raff. Ron said he could dig that.

And the dopey kid—what was her name?—Serena, had she as yet made any contribution to your researches?

Oh, Serena—all she said was, had we noticed Mr. K. hadn't brought along his grandchildren, and wouldn't they have made a cute contrast to Marshal Malinowsky.

A far from impercipient observation, if I may say so. She can't be all that soppy.

I 'm telling you, Grandpa, dopey as they come. Why, when Ron and I were all worked up with a whole lot of meaty angles on old K.'s Press conference, all that kid could say was that it must have been horrid to be a cat down on the farm when Nikita was a boy. Well, I ask you.

You don't have to. My respect for this young woman goes up every minute. But, tell me, when you completed your project, were your conclusions unanimous, or did the estimable Serena put in a minority report?

Oh, we gave her her play, if that 's what you mean. Fair 's fair, even in a big project. Ron was quite straight with her; and when she said, " Cat-lovers of the world, unite ! ", he patted her hand and said " Kid, you sure got something there." She gave him a look-and-a-half, but you could see she was pleased. " We 'll have you on our Morning Newscast next," Ron said—joking, of course.

What a fearful thought. But could you oblige me, little one, by summarising your conclusions, for my instruction and edification, if not for my entertainment? And if you dare point out to me that I 've swallowed a dictionary, I 'll bash the living—but well-nigh illiterate—daylights out of you.

Funny, that 's just what I was going to say. But Ron and me, this was the way we saw it. Back to the old cover story theme. There 's been a bit of shifting round in the Kremlin top brass, Ron says, and old K. isn't as powerful as he was. They say to him, now, comrade, you got us tangled up in this relaxation-of-tension nonsense, which we want no smallest part of; so you untangle at the double. What 's more, you 've got that dear little U.2 to get weaving with. You go along to Paris and call old Ike out of his name, holler and scream, and give them all your surplus stock of dirty peasant wisecracks. Act mad, and you 'll get them mad.

So old K. he does just that, but then he 's got to go to Berlin after, and do the real tricksy bit of business, telling his East German buddies that he 's soft-pedalling on the treaty, and it 's back to base for them. Now Wonder Mac and de G., they 're cool cards, Ron grants them that, and they 've rumbled the Russian game. Wonder Mac didn't flap in the slightest. Gaitskell got the chance of his young life, *and* took it; and he 's busy now dinning a bit of sense into the Labour boys' heads. The unilateral disarmers are in a fair pickle. Ike went home to a conquering hero's welcome. Nobody pressed any wrong button. Keep calm, boys, there 's many a squall in the offing, but we got to get used to that, Ron says. And anyway, if the Kremlin didn't know it then, they 'd better face up to it now: they 've got every cat-lover in the world solidly against them.

Yes, elfling, the sooner you bring Miss Serena to meet your venerable ancestor the better. In the meantime, thank you for your project. For my part, I shall go on reading history. I shall go on hoping that we shall replace summitry by diplomatic negotiations between ambassadors. I don't want ever again to see Mr. K.'s face on the telly but I fear I shall. And Serena was quite, quite right about little Nikita's way with pussy.

COMMANDO TRAINING

A Royal Marine commando jumps from the hatch of a Royal Navy Whirlwind helicopter based on the commando carrier, H.M.S. *Bulwark*, during working-up exercises at Malta and in the Mediterranean. The parachute drops at Ta Kali Air Station and over Melleha Bay were among a large number of different kinds of exercises during *Bulwark's* stay in the Mediterranean. She went through the Suez Canal recently and is due in Singapore on June 6, to take up her station east of Suez. *Left*—Commandos at the Ta Kali station check their equipment before going up in helicopters to make a jump into the sea, at Melleha Bay. In some cases, where it is not possible to land commandos on shore, they are dropped into shallow water and then swim ashore.

Bulwark also carried out a number of exercises with units of the Mediterranean Fleet. She is the first of Britain's commando carriers and carries the 600 officers and men of 42 Commando Royal Marines, and 848 Squadron of Whirlwind helicopters. *Bulwark* was converted last year to give commando units a greater degree of mobility and versatility and to enable them to be fully self-supporting. The carrier can be converted to an anti-submarine role, adapting her helicopter squadron at short notice and by means of her own resources. On her trials she reached a speed of nearly 30 knots.

b

In Northern Rhodesia, the Queen Mother visits Limulunga, winter capital of Barotseland. With her are the Paramount Chief (Sir Mwanawina Lewanika) and the Resident Commissioner (Mr. Gervas Clay)

The Queen Mother looks out from an observation platform at Nchanga Mine on the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

THE AMERICANS AND OUR MONARCHY—The Americans took a lot from us in the past. More recently we have taken a lot from them and some of it we could do without. The art or technique of "live" journalism, for example, Some of our old-fashioned, slow-coach newspapers still limp on with the notion that a sensational "story," before release, must at least be covered with some sort of proof that it has some basis in fact. Not so the livest wires in American and American satellite British journalism, where the story 's the thing, the more improbable the smarter. Those Americans deliberately chose to have Presidents and not Sovereigns. They 've had their Lincolns and Roosevelts and Eisenhowers and what-not, while we have had our Georges and Edwards and Elizabeths. It is flattering that they take so profound an interest in our monarchy, no doubt; but I sometimes wish they would be content with the interest and not make capital out of it. If the pomp and circumstance of monarchy is the one thing for which that very rich and sensation-loving people still crave, why can't they switch over to a monarchy themselves and treat it as they think a monarchy deserves? Among the "domestic affairs of another nation" which I wish they would respect and leave alone is our monarchy. They have taught us new ways of handling so many matters, from war and diplomacy to ephemeral fashions, that I think they might allow us to handle our monarchy as we think best. There at least we have more experience of what is the best way.

THE APPLE-CART—"The highest hopes men set their hearts upon . . ." While the statesmen and experts in diplomacy rearrange their ideas and speculate on the reasons for Khrushchev's brutalities and his sudden switch from peace-dove to destroying angel, it is time for you and me to examine our own consciences. Naturally, we must first spare time for self-pity at the prospect of a return to the most bitter aspects of the cold war—the sickening technique of threat and counter-threat, the squandering of more uncountable millions on weapons of defence-by-destruction, and taxation to meet those costs. After that we must consider coolly and precisely what we have contributed, except by taxation, to achieving those "highest hopes." For fifteen years we have lived under the stresses of cold war; for fifteen years we have left it to a handful of statesmen to worry the thing out, and year by year we have grown used to crater-edge existence and inclined ourselves to believe that another war is too bad to be true and that our chief worry in that sphere is from fall-out and radiation risks in nuclear experiments. For the rest, we in Britain have had our personal preoccupations. A nice profit from "Equities" for several years, the pools, the gadgets, the football and the dogs. Life has been pretty snug and comfortable on the whole while these world statesmen have played their games of diplomacy. Now suddenly we wonder whether perhaps, as citizens, we should not lend them a hand. There may be something important to us in their gamesmanship, and we are beginning to suspect that they haven't made much of a job of it. It looks as if some of them have been playing for themselves, mixing domestic with international politics. It looks even more as if the individual personal dislikes of world leaders have helped to upset this apple-cart.

IT 'S OUR TURN NOW—On the whole, we have not encouraged the few private individuals who have tried to show an interest in peace. We have rather ridiculed the "marchers" whose "stunts" have held us up on the way to Maidenhead. At the best, we have felt that they are thinking of their own skins. Radiation risks? We 've been assured there 's nothing in it. We 've been rubbing along very comfortably while these statesmen

Makishi dancers perform for the Queen Mother during her visit to the Barotseland Protectorate

have been playing their international Test matches, and their games have not interested us as much as our own League matches and other little games. Now we see them diminished in their own esteem, bewildered, downcast, obviously anxious. We wonder if they have bungled something important which might damage us and our cosy lives, and we feel a sudden grievance against them. *Nous sommes trahis*—they are utterly incapable of doing this job, and it is time we took a hand in it. The feather-brained will whisper, as Mr. Khrushchev wishes them to do: "Eisenhower and those Americans have been diplomatically ham-handed. They have led us by the nose down the garden path too long. Macmillan and Lloyd have been insanely optimistic; they won an election on their ridiculous optimism. If there were any other political party with a policy, we would switch over to it." Petulance is the first reaction of easy men

At Chingola, Her Majesty meets some of the guests after opening the town's new Arts Society Theatre. Earlier in the same day the Queen Mother had driven through African housing estates

disturbed in their easy way of life. But there *is* indeed good reason for us to find time to take a hand in the game they have been playing for fifteen years. They 've had a long innings and the score-board is not encouraging. So discouraging that I think we can fairly say that only the organised and vociferous will for peace of the peoples of the world will ever now bring us back to sanity. That impulsion is a long way off. The nations of the world are divided in civilisation by centuries of time. Some are still in fetters, some are far too free. If our great-grandchildren are to live in a sane world, it is perhaps time we began to show some personal and practical interest in steering the peoples of the world back to civilised behaviour.

ONE MAN'S MORRIS—I suppose most of the millions who viewed and heard Khrushchev during his Paris Press conference shudderingly recalled the screams and gestures of Hitler in the late '30's. Here was reproduced the same sickening technique with which one man in all the world was succeeding in upsetting the easy lives of half the world. We simplified then, as we may simplify now, by thus stressing the fearful damage that one man or the personal antipathies between two or three men can do to the hopes and security of countless millions of humanity. We did not admit in 1938 in Britain, or for that matter in America and Germany, that our own inertia, our own selfishness, our own pipe-dreaming, gave this man or that small group the chance they needed. Then as now we all wanted peace, but in Britain we refused to pay for our defence, in America to look beyond Wall Street, in Germany to resist catchwords. The whole world wanted peace, but was too lazy to take a hand in achieving it. Humanity in branding one arch-criminal condemned itself as supine, slavish and besotted. If a handful of individuals, patriotic and pure, or not so patriotic and pure, can twice or thrice in our lifetime turn the world upside down, or fail to prevent such disasters, before we brand again the mischief or the failure of a handful we should brand and correct our own lethargy. In theory we believe that the will of the peoples can prevail, that nothing else can achieve great reforms. "But there 's so little we can do. Some of the peoples of the world are mere slaves. The task of organising world opinion is Heraclean. It would take generations of time to make any progress. It is like reaching for the moon." Remind yourself that *that* was our notion of unattainability less than ten years ago. There is no good reason why we should not make a start to clean up our world, to take a hand in re-creating an atmosphere of peace by rationing our own lethargy and selfishness and ill-manners. Damn it, we could make a useful start in cleaning up our own countryside and eliminating road-murder and litter. We could begin by showing the world that *we* are prepared to become civilised again.

NORTH EDINBURGH—The North Edinburgh election was always a foregone conclusion. Which does not justify a candidate who has no hope of winning from staying at home and awaiting the tell-tale figures. Within the limits of what his taste and shrewdness consider reasonable, he puts his points, rattles the door-knockers and denigrates his opponents. The nakedness of the land for the worthy Labour candidate was made clear by some of his expedients. He was early in the strawberry-beds making hay with the strawberry leaves. He didn't play *that* hand very shrewdly. Eildon Hall is a mere "cottage" set beside the large family homes of the Dukes of Buccleuch in Scotland and England, to mention only Bowhill, Drumlanrig and Boughton, and I rather think North Edinburgh has a warm regard for those Border palaces and their hard-working owners. Then again, Mr. Murray was very right to secure the backing of the leader of his party, but Mr. Gaitskell's message came at a singularly inept moment. He urged a Nuclear Pact *now*. "By giving you their votes the electors will make it plain to this Government that they want a far more determined effort to reach agreement between the Great Powers." I ask you ! This on May 18, 1960.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—Westminster School is celebrating the 400th anniversary of its foundation—or rather, re-foundation—by Queen Elizabeth I in 1560. Long before her reign had begun it flourished or survived as a customary adjunct to a great monastic foundation. The Queen's re-foundation did not separate the school from the Abbey. It remained an Abbey adjunct built on Abbey lands. The school did inconspicuous good work in the education of poor and local scholars until, in the seventeenth century, Busby's great mastership put it on the map, attracted to it the children of noblemen, while keeping it democratic. In 1861 a Royal Commission was charged with examining into the finances and management of nine now so-called "public schools," later reduced to seven by 1871—Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, Harrow, Rugby and Shrewsbury. The Public Schools Act of 1868 did for Westminster what Queen Elizabeth had not done. It separated it from the Abbey, but chose to give the school a small annual grant rather than to secure its finances by a suitable capital endowment. The rebuilding necessitated by the destruction in the blitz of several of its buildings could do no more than try to restore what it had. It is what that Act of 1868 did not do for Westminster, or could not do, which to-day necessitates an appeal for £250,000 to keep this great school as efficient as its peers. The land it occupies is immensely valuable. But for Westminster School it is "water everywhere nor any drop to drink." It can neither sell, nor develop the potential gold mine it sits on. For any part which the school ceases to occupy reverts to the Abbey. The school would be severely controlled in any plans it might make to heighten or develop the buildings or open spaces it does occupy, owing to the sanctity of the site. It certainly needs £200,000 to achieve some of the rationalisation—for which Eton needed more than a million—which is essential and within the limits of its circumstances and geography; and it needs another £50,000 for technological studies. It was, of course, the success of the "big seven" which had led to the foundation of a score more public schools over a century ago. Westminster's success played a great part in the popularity of the public schools. Its roll of illustrious alumni is truly remarkable, right down to our day.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

THREE NEW COMEDIES

which opened in London last week

IT'S IN THE BAG at the Duke of York's Theatre: Joe Robinson as Phillipe gulps his champagne. Right are Patricia Jessel, Terry-Thomas and Susan Burnet

It's in the Bag has been adapted by Robin Maugham from the French farce *Oscar*, by Claude Magnier. In the leading role of a soap tycoon beset with a superabundance of troubles is Terry-Thomas, supported by Patricia Jessel as his wife. The day in the life of a tycoon starts with his manager announcing that he has embezzled a great deal of money and that further he is in love with the tycoon's daughter. A deal is made whereby if the money is returned, the daughter may be won. But all is not so simple. The girl turns out not to be the daughter, but a typist. The money, which has been converted into jewels, is hidden in a suitcase disasterously concealed among a number of similar bags which contain underclothes — and so on.

Terry-Thomas is surprised at the arrival of the maid (Penny Morrell) with aspirin for him. Centre is Richard Briers as the manager

Bachelor Flat, an American comedy by Budd Grossman, stars the oddly-named Broadway actress, Evans Evans, who had a great success in New York in William Inge's play *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*. She plays an attractive adolescent girl who breaks into the New York flat of an English professor of anthropology, played by Derek Bond. Her intrusion turns the professor's life upside down. The reason for it provides the *dénouement* of the play. Other characters include the man from next door, played by Denis Quilley, who is only too eager to pursue the girl, and the professor's wife, played by Harriette Johns.

BACHELOR FLAT:

BACHELOR FLAT at the Piccadilly Theatre: **Left:** Harriette Johns and Derek Bond. **Right:** Evans Evans in the leading role

The American comedy *Roger the Sixth*, by Joseph Carole, was first produced by the Repertory Players three years ago and was seen briefly in London in April. Persistence was rewarded when it started its run last week at the Westminster Theatre. The main situation tells how Roger Bacon, played by Gordon Tanner, returns from his honeymoon to discover that his bride has omitted to tell him that he has had five predecessors and that she had a child by each. A man of firm character, Roger establishes a benevolent reign of terror over the children. The good-humoured attack on American multi-marriage customs is directed by Leslie Phillips. Among those in the cast are Noël Dyson, Catherine Feller and Oscar Quitak

Denis Quilley and Derek Bond

ROGER THE SIXTH at the Westminster Theatre: Glenn Williams, Gordon Tanner, and Jill Adams

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

Two more Commonwealth Prime Ministers honour "The Sphere" with personal messages; Contributions from South Africa, India and Pakistan

From: **The Rt. Hon. Walter Nash, P.C., C.H., M.P., Prime Minister of New Zealand**

The Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers which has just ended attracted the attention of the people in Commonwealth countries for a number of reasons: its timing just before the Summit, its expanded membership, which illustrates increasingly the multi-racial basis of the new Commonwealth, and above all the subjects of vital interest to all the members, whether figuring on the agenda or not.

In a comity of nations such as our Commonwealth, goodwill and understanding must be fostered by full and frank exchanges of views and information. This 1960 Conference was most valuable in this respect. Important constitutional issues were dealt with, as were broader issues in all fields of common concern. The planning of economic aid, the organisation of schemes of assistance such as the Colombo Plan, of mutual help in scientific development, can be carried out only by those entrusted with implementing policy if they meet with ready support. This in turn is affected by information readily available to the people in each member country through whatever responsible medium possible.

Information is indeed the key to a tolerant outlook which alone can make a success of our desire, a multi-racial Commonwealth of Nations. Through journalism, radio and television we have done much to create a flow of information about the Commonwealth, but we must strive to do more. This information must be in a form which gains ready support so that plans for increasing the well-being and prosperity of all can be developed.

It is because *The Sphere* is alive to this need and ready through its new feature, "The Voice of the Commonwealth," to promote this conception that I warmly congratulate it on its enterprise. Founded in the best tradition of British journalism and circulated in all our countries, I feel that the new feature will be the success its promoters aim that it should be.

From: **Y. T. M. Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra, Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya**

When we in Malaya achieved independence we decided to link ourselves with the friends we knew rather than with those we did not know. Therefore we are with the countries of the Commonwealth, and we have joined with our eyes open.

The Commonwealth to us is not just an association of nations but something more than that; it is a partnership of nations of different races and beliefs working together for the common good of all, and in particular for the countries of the Commonwealth.

We ourselves have made a substantial contribution to this partnership as the biggest dollar-earner in the sterling area, and also by providing a base for Commonwealth strategic defence in S.E. Asia. In return we have received personnel, material and technical aid from Commonwealth countries, which have helped us to beat the Communists in the shooting war, and are now helping us to fight the psychological war against subversion and to tackle the problems of development on the economic, industrial and social fronts, the war against poverty and distress.

The Commonwealth stands for the ideals of equality among men, peace on earth and justice for all. These form the basis on which the Commonwealth stands. So long as these principles are upheld the Commonwealth will be a living force for good and a power to be reckoned with. For so long as these principles govern our partnership, then for so long will Malaya remain a staunch member.

It is because of these principles that the Federation of Malaya is opposed to apartheid, which is a belief in the supremacy of one race. And that is why we took the stand we did at the recent Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference.

That meeting of Prime Ministers has made a start in solving the problems raised by apartheid. It is our hope that by persistence of effort apartheid will be rectified and racial discrimination eliminated.

Because I believe in the Commonwealth, I take very great pleasure indeed in wishing success to *The Sphere* in its endeavour to provide a regular feature of events and news from the countries of the Commonwealth.

SOUTH AFRICA

Dr. Verwoerd is again actively directing the affairs of Government in South Africa; and yet it is less than two months since two bullets were fired into his head at point-blank range. He had just opened the Union Exposition in Johannesburg on April 9 when the attack was made—and millions of people throughout the world saw on their television screens the figure of the Prime Minister slumped forward, his blood-covered face held between his hands. He was taken to hospital without losing consciousness (in fact, at no time did he lose consciousness), but the public treated reassuring communiqués with scepticism. Was it possible that recovery could be complete? One bullet had entered his head through his right cheek and the other through his right ear. Would not, at least, his hearing or his speech or his sense of balance be affected? Would disfigurement not be inevitable?

On April 17 the doctors said—no. The one bullet had not penetrated the inner ear but had "ricochetted" and had come to rest, like the second, in a part of the head where it could do no further damage. However the people remained sceptical—until Dr. Verwoerd started providing the answer himself. On April 23 he saw Mr. Sauer, the senior member of the Cabinet; and on the same day sent a telegram to Jackie McGlew wishing the cricketers "*alles van die beste*" in their tour of England. On May 13 (the bullets having been successfully removed the previous week) he had a telephone conversation with Mr. Louw in London; on May 15 he walked from his hospital room to a waiting car and climbed the steps of his home unaided. Photographs of his home-coming showed his face unmarked and unchanged.

On May 20 he broadcast to the nation. He said the attack on him had not aroused feelings of hatred and revenge. A person who had suffered—and this was also true of a nation—should rather look to the future. "If one is spared it is in order to fulfil further duties. Similarly if a nation is spared for centuries in a land of hardship, but also of great promise, it, too, has a task to fulfil."

INDIA

Economists the world over are agreed that India's economy will get over the hump and become self-generating by the end of the Third Five-Year Plan. A few months still remain for the Second Plan to come to its official close. The basic objectives and priorities of the Second Plan were right and sound. Several neutral agencies have borne testimony to this conclusion. Could the same be said about the scheme of raising resources? This does not admit of a categorical answer.

The immediate difficulty was undoubtedly the foreign exchange gap. It became evident that the foreign exchange requirements of the Second Plan had been seriously underestimated. It, however, needs to be emphasised that given the size and structure of the Plan (described by many as over-ambitious and too big for India's resources), there was much to be said for as early a start as possible for the completion of the major foreign exchange consuming projects. The Third Plan, which is due to be published any minute now, it is expected, would provide for a significant step-up in investments. An estimate of Rs.99,000 million (£7,425 m.) of investment is, if anything, on the low side. India's planners are agreed that the Plan can be as big as the resources that can be found for it. In a country like India, where the bulk of new

WEALTH

purchasing power gets spent on food, the elasticity of supply of food is the major determinant of the pace of the progress. What is needed, therefore, is an increase in agricultural production as a whole.

A comprehensive development programme cannot be financed without calling for sacrifices from all sections of the people. There is, from this point of view, a case for a further increase in taxation. Direct taxation of the agricultural sector seems a hardship, if one assumes that incomes in that sector do not go up significantly. Direct taxation in the urban sector might bear some selective and marginal increases but the bulk of the additional tax resources for the Third Plan will have to come from increases in indirect taxation. A developing economy is bound to need a substantial inflow of external resources for some time. Several international agencies, especially the World Bank, have played a significant role in this regard. The Colombo Plan has also provided the essential needs and India has been given substantial monetary assistance at government-to-government level by America, United Kingdom, West Germany and Russia.

There will be need for several years to come for the enlargement of the flow of investments from international agencies and from Governments. India also seems in the happy position of being economically and politically stable and thus being able to attract increased flow of private investments. Planning in a democracy and within a system that relies on the functioning together of a public sector and a private sector presents inevitable difficult problems of choice. But there is in this type of planning scope for pragmatism and adaptation. This is what distinguishes the Indian Plan from similar undertakings by some other countries in past years. The Indian experiment is both a challenge and an incentive. On its success depends the pattern of progress in other newly independent countries.

PAKISTAN

Among the many reforms carried out by President Ayub Khan's regime in Pakistan the one which has aroused most interest is the establishment of basic democracies. The reason for it is that the circumstances which necessitated it are not confined to Pakistan alone. And the difficulties which Pakistan experienced in working the parliamentary system left behind by the British are shared by many new nations. The British system, as President Ayub Khan himself has been quick to explain, is an excellent one, and has worked splendidly in the sophisticated and disciplined atmosphere of Great Britain. That the British constitutional system did not work satisfactorily in Pakistan reflects not on the system itself, but rather on the stage of political preparedness in Pakistan. What lack of inbred discipline and respect for rules, written and unwritten, of procedure as well as substance leads to was well illustrated only the other day on television screens all over Britain when a newscast showed scenes in the Parliament of an advanced Asian country of the Speaker being man-handled and carried bodily to the Chair, while police and members scrambled together in a general mêlée. The presiding officer of an assembly in a part of Pakistan was less fortunate when he died as a result of injuries suffered in the midst of similar scenes. Could anything comparable to this happen in the British House of Commons?

It required a great deal of courage to face up to the fact that the parliamentary system was unsuitable. Once that was recognised an alternative had to be found. The scheme of basic democracies is based on the belief that the essence of democracy is government by consent. Consequently the central problem of all democratic systems is to provide a machinery for the people to exercise consent, or, in other words, to provide a machinery for securing a change of government smoothly, without bitterness or violence. If Pakistan is to be a real democracy, then all her inhabitants must have a say in their affairs. In the existing state of their educational development, it will be too much, in fact a mockery of democracy, to expect them to understand and vote on matters of high policy. Such a development would require a higher education and greater experience than are at present available to them. But even in their existing level they have plenty of common sense to understand their immediate problems and requirements and evaluate what is of immediate good and what is not. There is little reason why advantage of this should not be taken by associating them with the management of their affairs through directly chosen representatives.

The country has been carved out into 80,000 electoral districts so that every 1,000 to 1,500 voters elect a representative. A group of about ten constituencies forms the basic unit of local government, in which ten elected members and five nominated members (to represent interests that might otherwise go unrepresented) make up the union council. These councils are to run villages, collect taxes, administer schools and supervise local police. From this base representatives will also be elected indirectly to councils at higher levels. But the union councils are the basis of the whole structure.

The final picture of Pakistan's full-fledged constitution is not yet known, but it will be before long. A Constitutional Commission is already in existence and has the mandate to submit a report as early as possible. It is being awaited with great interest, because, as several commentators have observed, it may be the answer to the problems of many countries similarly situated, where the course of parliamentary government has been far from satisfactory.

Mutual aid in the Commonwealth: a further contract for the construction of Tema Harbour, in Ghana, is signed in London between representatives of the Ghanaian Government and of the firm of Messrs. Parkinson Howard Ltd. Sitting are, from left: H.E. Mr. Ayeh-Kumi, Ambassador at Large; the Hon. Krobo Edusei, Minister of Transport in Ghana; Sir John Howard and Mr. A. E. Parkinson. Standing are, from left: Mr. N. J. D. Hammond, Ghana Trade Commissioner; Mr. Peter Scott and Mr. Gretton (both of Sir William Halcrow and Partners.) The new contract, worth over £4,000,000, is for the construction of four extra berths in the port of Tema, which is being built by Parkinson Howard and, when finished, will be the largest artificial harbour in Africa

Left: In the British Museum in London, Mr. T. C. Skeat (standing), Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts, shows Sir William Leggatt, Agent-General for Victoria, the original deed by which the land on which Melbourne now stands was acquired 125 years ago. The capital of Victoria celebrates the anniversary next week

Below: The whitewashed and thatched cottage (left) at Riebeck West was where General Smuts was born ninety years ago. Now, close by, an electronic-controlled cement factory has been opened

"Savile Row" is a term which is understood in many countries all over the world

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 4

ANDERSON & SHEPPARD

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

The interior of the window of Anderson and Sheppard Ltd., in Savile Row, London

Savile Row is an international term. Indeed, it is used in some languages to describe anything of the highest standard and not only suits. The thoroughfare, off Burlington Gardens to the north of Piccadilly, gained its reputation a century and a half ago. The tailors living there were ideally situated to supply the needs of the Bucks of St. James's who, owing to the machinations of "Boney," could no longer go to Paris for their clothes. The various premises have an atmosphere of tradition and of an almost ecclesiastical quietness. No one would dream of shouting in Savile Row, least of all in the establishment of Messrs. Anderson and Sheppard, who may be taken as representative of the craft practised in the Row.

Such tailors are proud of the fact that generations of the same families continue as customers, although, of course, they are equally glad to see new faces. Savile Row suits are expensive, but they are worth the cost. For instance the young man dressed from Savile Row will have an understandable self-confidence over his less-exclusively garbed companions.

The exclusiveness depends on two skilled men, the tailor and the cutter. The tailor is trained to sew and put together the required garment. The cutter is the key man. He is a sartorial surgeon and his training takes almost as long as that of an F.R.C.S. To begin with he must have learnt to be a tailor himself so that he knows from experience how the pattern he cuts is going to be made up. Then, like the surgeon, he must start his career as an assistant, observing and learning from his superior. Fully qualified, he heads his own team, having in it his assistant cutter and his group of tailors.

The cutter must possess certain esoteric knowledge, such as the positioning of the lace on an ambassador's uniform. And he has one very remarkable talent. When a customer wants a new suit, the cutter, who will already have a pattern from the previous suit, does not need to see him. If the customer's figure has changed, all the cutter requires to know is the increase or loss of weight. From experience he can tell where the previous pattern will need alteration. It is not insignificant that Savile Row is near the Royal Academy of Arts.

Reindeer and sledge are the transport for the commander of a Home Guard unit on an exercise in the far north of Norway

A NATO DEFENCE FORCE IN THE ARCTIC

Training in Guerilla Tactics for the Lapps in Norway's Home Guard

The failure of the Summit last month concentrated attention on Nato and its ability to defend the West. Should an attack by land come from Russia, one of the first theatres of war would be in the far north of Norway, which abuts on the frontiers of the U.S.S.R. and Finland. This area is one of the Free World's outposts of defence.

Norway's land forces consist of the Standing Army and the Home Guard. Compulsory military service gives the Army a total of about 10,000 officers and men. The Home Guard is an organisation worthy of study by all who hold their freedom dear. It was started after the last war to give military training to those who had no chance of such experience during the years of hostilities and the German occupation. To-day the Home Guard, numbering around 60,000, comprises men who have come off the Reserve Army List, certain classes who have been called for National Service but not required, those exempted on various grounds from National Service, and a considerable corpus of volunteers.

The role of the Home Guard must be understood in relation to Norway's geographical position. The authorities in Oslo recognise realistically that if their country is invaded, it might also be occupied. Therefore, guerillas, irregulars, an underground movement—call it what you will—might be of inestimable patriotic value. This is the purpose for which the Home Guard is being trained in every part of Norway. Units are organised on a regional basis. Members are experts in their own local topography. This is a knowledge which could certainly be used to advantage against any foreign occupying military force. Home Guard training requires a minimum of fifty hours a year.

Snow provides refreshment for a Lapp soldier during training

An especially vital area is in the Arctic Circle. Present Nato planning is understood to envisage a first stand by the Norwegian Army on defensive positions called the Lyngen Line, which stretches inland from near Tromso along Lyngen Fjord to the Swedish frontier. North of this is Finnmark, a vast desolate area of snow and ice. Most of the inhabitants are Lapps and owing to the rigours of the climate they are probably the only Europeans who could carry out military operations in these conditions.

They have their own Home Guard units and are being trained amid the frozen wastes. Their attitude might not meet with full approval in Aldershot or West Point, but their toughness and resource are undeniable. Exercises are carried out on reindeer sledges or on foot in the darkness of Arctic winter or under the summer midnight sun. Officers and men are trained in the tactics needed in the different conditions of the two seasons. In defending their homeland, the Lapps would also be fighting to retain the outer bastion of the freedom for which Nato stands.

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

NATO IN THE ARCTIC

Left: Under the Midnight Sun a patrol of Lapps makes a halt. The Home Guard is organised throughout Norway and is trained for action against invasion and occupation. The Lapps in the Finnmark in the far north of the country are in an especially vital and vulnerable area which is surrounded by the frontiers with the Soviet Union and with Finland

Right: Sledges are driven over the frozen Kautokino River. The Lapps train in the area north of the Lyngen Line, which runs from Lyngen Fjord, near Tromso, inland to the Swedish border. It is on this line that, under current tactical planning, the Norwegian regular army would stand against invasion from Russia. The Lapps would endeavour to hold up the enemy advance to the Lyngen Line

Below: The patrol eats a meal round the camp fire. In the background is the tent in which they sleep. All members of the Home Guard are provided with uniform, equipment and arms which they keep in their homes. However, they are not obliged to wear their uniforms, and some of the Lapps prefer to exercise in their usual clothes which they find warmer in the Arctic climate

The Lapp Home Guards head through the snow near the Russian frontier. A large area of country has to be covered by a small force. Reindeer and sledges are the usual transport. Tracked vehicles and aircraft are also used

Left: Sergeant Johan Henrik Andersen Pentha carves himself a ration of reindeer meat from the roof of his home before setting out on an exercise. Below him are his daughters. The sergeant is a carpenter by trade

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ELEGY FOR A DEAD TOAD

This is an obituary notice. Mind you, I don't know that I ought to be writing it, for I do not really know that Ebenezer is dead: but anyway he is missing, and I think must be presumed dead. Ebenezer was a toad. (He may have been a she: I am not sufficiently up in toads to be able to tell just by looking.) He lived in a hole in a wall in my garden for all of six years and was back in his usual place on April 10 this year. He was missing on April 23, and has not been seen since. It may be that he got bored with that hole after all those years, heard of another desirable residence, and moved. After all, humans are constantly doing that sort of thing.

Eric Hosking's picture of a toad, squatting on a stump of wood

But it is well known that toads, once they have taken up residence in a particular place, usually develop a great affection for it and just stay put. As long ago as 1776 Pennant put on record the story of a toad which had lived for thirty-six years under the steps in front of his house. It is well known that if toads are taken from their residence and released a considerable distance away they will find their way back time and again, even though the journey may take them many days. So I think it unlikely that Ebenezer got bored. I think that disaster overtook him while he was on one of his evening walks.

But I wonder what happens to dead toads? I do not mean to the young toads: of the thousands of young toads that are born every summer only a small proportion can live to see a second summer. I have read somewhere that something like 2,000 eggs are necessary to produce one pair of breeding toads. I do not know how accurate that is. But, obviously, young toads must have many enemies. The tadpoles certainly have. Ducks, newts, fish and water-beetles all take them greedily, and they aren't above eating one another. And young toads, baby toads, must have countless enemies and be subject to endless accidents. But has the adult toad many enemies? Crows and magpies certainly kill them, and grass snakes will take small ones. Some books tell you that brown rats, hedgehogs, stoats and weasels kill and eat them: others say that the only mammal that will attack them is the brown rat, and that he will kill but not eat them.

Such conflicting evidence can surely mean only one thing: that none of these mammals is a serious enemy. I think that that is about the sum of it: mammals do not like toads. Certainly, no dog will touch a toad a second time: and I think that this is true also of cats. I have known plenty of cats to catch and eat frogs. Most of mine would do so when we had plenty of frogs in the garden. But I have never known a cat to have a second shot at a toad. I cannot say that I have ever known a cat to attack a toad. I have known a kitten to do so: one of my own. That lesson lasted a lifetime.

I think that as the toad gets older the number of enemies is steadily reduced. Perhaps the only serious enemies of the fully grown toad are the larger birds and maybe the grass snake, and—motorists in the breeding season. At that time toads migrate to favourite ponds, crossing main roads to reach them, and sometimes they are crushed by passing traffic in hundreds. There is a spot on A.32, just north of Corhampton, where in March you may usually see several crushed toads. But this sort of thing apart, it seems to me that most elderly toads must die natural deaths. Yet I cannot recall ever seeing a dead toad (other than those crushed on main roads). I suppose that the beetles must draw them underground very quickly.

But, maybe, I am being over-optimistic about natural death. Until about five years ago we always had plenty of frogs in the garden. They deposited their spawn in my pond, which was singularly foolish of them, for it is not a very large pond and at that time held a large number of fish. These patrolled just off-shore, so to speak, of the spawn and snapped up the tadpoles as they emerged. Very few tadpoles ever reached the frog stage in my pond. But that did not worry the frogs, who are notoriously careless about their family arrangements, and they returned every year. About five years ago they disappeared. To-day the sight of a frog in the garden is rare and worthy of an entry in my diary.

Their disappearance had nothing to do with the fish: it seems to have been fairly general, throughout this part of the world at any rate. The frog has countless enemies: but then he has always had them, and got along pretty well. By far the worst enemy of the frog is Man; and I have a feeling that Man was behind this sudden disappearance of the frog. Thousands upon thousands are required for research every year. Many a scientific reputation, many a medical reputation, has been built upon the frog. It is a sobering thought that the frog has done much more for mankind than mankind has done, will ever do, for the frog.

But now I am being pessimistic. I do not think that anything like that can have happened to the toad, and I have not heard that there is any marked scarcity of toads; though I suppose that the widespread use of insecticides must have had some effect upon them. No, I think that Ebenezer has gone the way of all flesh: and I hope peacefully.

Now that he has gone I realise what an opportunity I have missed. There he was in that hole, day after day through spring, summer and autumn for six years, a perfect subject for study: and I know no more about toads now than I did six years ago. I do not know where he went to hibernate (he had a different winter residence) and I do not know where he went to breed. All I know is that year after year, sometime about the middle of April, there he would be and there he would stay until about the middle of October. Sometimes he would come out in the daytime after a heavy shower. Once or twice he came out when I had the hose playing near his hole. But mostly he did not appear until the late evening, when he would come out and set off, deliberately, like an elderly clubman, in search of a meal. He never seemed to sleep. If you went and peered into his hole, he did not move, but the lovely deep red eyes were always alert.

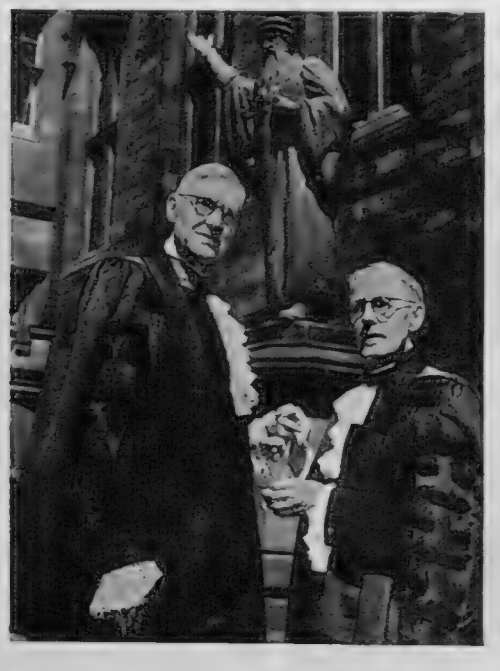
Now that he has gone I feel rather ashamed. He did so much for me. He paid his rent in caterpillars, snails, beetles and flies. Over the years he must have eaten vast numbers, helping my gardening all the time. I did nothing for him: except leave him alone. He was a friendly, portly old gentleman; and I grew very fond of him. I cannot swear that he knew me—though I like to think that he did—but at any rate he did not object to me, which I thought very nice of him. He did not even object to being picked up. But I did not do that very often, for I thought that it might be an affront to his dignity. He was that sort of toad.

SCOTS CHURCH ASSEMBLY

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was opened in Edinburgh last week with all its traditional splendour. Preceded by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, the Mace-Bearer and the Purse-Bearer, the Lord High Commissioner, the Earl of Wemyss and March, entered the Assembly Hall in procession and was called on by the new Moderator, the Rev. Principal J. H. S. Burleigh, D.D., to give the Message from the Queen. In the Message Her Majesty informed the fathers and brethren of the Kirk: "If God wills, we shall attend the meeting which is to be convened later this year to mark the quatercentenary of the Reformation in Scotland." The Assembly will reconvene in October to celebrate this anniversary. Representatives of other churches will be present.

The first sessions of last week were concerned with domestic affairs, including finance, the present-day problems of young people and relations between employers and employees. On the following day the discussion on missionary work was expected to produce controversial debate as the question of the Church of Scotland in Central Africa was due to be raised. It was understood that two ex-Moderators, Dr. George Macleod and Dr. R. H. W. Shepherd, who retired this year, would present different points of view.

The Lord High Commissioner, the Earl of Wemyss, is fourth from left



The retiring Moderator, Dr. Shepherd (right), talks with his successor, Principal J. H. S. Burleigh, D.D.

The new Moderator is installed in the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh

TRAVEL

HOLIDAYS IN THE HEBRIDES

By GORDON COOPER

The service which B.E.A. maintains between London and the Outer Hebrides is extremely useful. I found myself the other day, for instance, leaving London Airport at eight o'clock, breakfasting sumptuously on the way to Glasgow, and having my lunch at Castlebay, on the island of Barra. Incidentally, the landing-place at Barra is a stretch of sand exposed at low tide (the only one of its kind in Europe), while the station superintendent is a lady, Miss McPherson, who combines, most effectively, every official post at this rather remote " airfield."

The village of Tarbert, on Harris, the southern part of Lewis

It is a ten-mile journey between the airport and Castlebay, the tiny capital of the island, but the countryside through which you travel is wild and attractive. It was at Castlebay that I met Macneil of Barra, the forty-fifth chief of his clan and an American, who is once again lodged in Kisimul Castle, the ancient stronghold of his family. It has not been lived in for four centuries, but has now been completely restored. Although quite a small castle, it creates a sense of unity within the clan, an awareness of the importance and value of tradition. It has its legends, one of the most sinister relating to Marion of the Heads, a title she earned through her hobby of beheading those she did not like, including two sons of her husband, by a former wife, so that she could ensure the succession to her own child. The present chieftain does not, however, maintain a former custom in which his herald went on to the ramparts each evening to announce to the water and the hills; " The Macneil of Barra has dined; the rest of the world may dine now."

Barra is ill-supplied with tourist accommodation, and I would recommend staying in one of the local guest-houses at Castlebay. There is a rough 9-hole golf course, fishing, boating and good bathing available, but no electricity. For the right kind of person it would be a delightful holiday spot—an island of legends. Perhaps, however, the remotest and most unspoilt spot in all Britain, the nearby island of Eriskay, might be even more appealing. It is famous in Scottish history as being the landing-place of Prince Charles Edward Stuart when he made his attempt to secure the succession for his family.

The traditional landing-place is on the west side of the island and called *Coilleag a' Prionnsa*, the Prince's strand. A short distance from the bay grows a pink convolvulus which is supposed to have been planted by him and will only live on Eriskay. It is known as " the Prince's flower," while a well on the island is likewise styled " the Prince's well." Only private accommodation is available on the island, which can be reached by hired boat from Ludaig, on the southernmost coast of South Uist.

South Uist, along with Benbecula and North Uist, forms a chain of closely related islands, and it is served by Macbrayne's steamers as well as by an airfield (B.E.A.) on Benbecula. The group is comparatively low-lying and, generally speaking, lacks picturesque scenery. There is, however, much excellent trout and salmon fishing, while non-anglers will find the local bird life, mild climbing, and excellent bathing attractive. There is one 20-mile-long sandy beach. In addition, the Lochboisdale Hotel, at Lochboisdale, is the best in the Outer Hebrides.

North of North Uist is Harris, a wild and desolate island with an appeal of its own. On the west coast are some superb beaches, but the only hotels are at Tarbert and Rodil. Near the latter is St. Clement's Church, the only building of architectural importance in the Outer

RESORTS WHERE IT IS STILL POSSIBLE TO BOOK A SUMMER HOLIDAY ON THE CONTINENT

" Is it too late to book a holiday on the Continent this summer ? " This question must be besetting many people who have not yet made up their minds where to go. The answer this year is that provided you keep away from the last fortnight in July and the first fortnight in August, there is no reason why you should not be able to book hotel accommodation in practically any resort in any country in Europe. Price, however, will be the arbiter. The more popular the resort, the more you will have to pay. For an example, you will find it very difficult indeed to reserve rooms in second class hotels on the Costa Brava between June and September. Curiously enough, on the Italian Riviera, in places like San Remo, Alassio and Viareggio, the more expensive accommodation is booked up as well as the cheapest. But medium priced hotels still have vacancies.

The great difficulty will be in securing rooms at Palma, in Majorca, and San Antonio Abad, in Ibiza. Reports suggest that these two resorts are crowded out this summer. Portugal is another country where cheaper air fares have attracted a very much greater number of British visitors, with the result that it is now well nigh impossible to obtain reservations at the hotel you want over the months of June, July, August and September. Off the beaten track, the situation may be easier, but from all accounts, while you still may be able to obtain air reservations, accommodation may be difficult.

There is still plenty of accommodation available in Austria. Although there is some congestion in August, with very few vacancies, holidays can still be arranged in July at places like Velden, St. Anton, Igls, Mutters, Salzburg, Zell am See and Seefeld.

The high season is shortest in Brittany. There it lasts from July 6 to August 26. While during that period, and particularly in late July and early August, it may not be easy to reserve rooms at popular resorts like Dinard and La Baule, there are still plenty of vacancies in resorts like Perros Guirec, Beg-Meil, Trébeurden and Bénodet. Once again, it is still possible to fix up in the lesser-known spots.

A good bet for a late booking is Biarritz, on the Basque coast of South-West France. This pleasant Atlantic coast resort, which is beginning to regain some of its pre-war popularity, has some fine hotels which still have rooms available. You will find it more difficult a little farther north at resorts like Royan and St. Palais-sur-Mer, which have recently been discovered by British holidaymakers. The French Riviera is well booked up at Nice, Cannes and Juan-les-Pins, but Monte Carlo and Menton are not yet full.

Copenhagen is a problem in July and August. Practically nothing is available then but at other times bookings can still be made. The coast of Norway is proving to be very much more popular this year. The star resorts like Ulvik, on the Hardanger Fjord, cannot offer you very much at this late period, but other resorts, such as Oystese, Norheimsund and Strandebarm have still accommodation to offer.

The two Dutch beach resorts, Noordwijk and Scheveningen, are booked up between mid-July and mid-August, but can still offer rooms in very good hotels during the last fortnight in August, which is, after all, a very pleasant time of the year.

If you can get away from the larger resorts in Switzerland, and concentrate on the smaller places like Brunnen, Engelberg and Weggis, you should have no problem at all in arranging holidays at this late stage, at any time during the summer, although you should check up air or surface travel reservations before finally deciding. Fortunately, Swiss hoteliers accept mid-week reservations so that it is easy to make travel arrangements.

Although it may seem far too late to book a seat at the Oberammergau Passion Play, there has been some indication that tickets have been returned from overseas that were not needed, and these are now available at several of the larger travel agents. Elsewhere in Germany recent reports suggest that there is still time to make holiday arrangements at resorts such as Königswinter, Wiesbaden and Garmisch Partenkirchen.

You would be well advised to consult a travel agent, who is in a position to tell you where you can be sure of making reservations. It will save you much unnecessary correspondence as well as time. There is no need to buy a packaged holiday. Any travel agent worth his salt can make an independent arrangement for you; simply hotel reservations and travel tickets.

W.D.C.C.

Hebrides. It dates from the fourteenth century and it contains a Macleod tomb, the loveliest and finest in Scotland.

Harris is the home of Harris tweed, woven by the crofters in their homes, from yarn supplied by the mills. They combine this occupation with their farming activities, which include lazy-bed cultivation. Every tillable patch of soil, however small, is worked up into strips only a yard or so wide. All spadework; and the strips are divided by deep drains. Harris and Lewis are really one island. Stornoway, a rather sophisticated but somewhat dull town, is the capital of the latter. It is the chief fishing centre of the north-west, has a number of comfortable hotels and a golf course. But as an excursion centre its only goals are the remarkable Standing Stones of Callanish, distinguished by their very fine structure and the combination of cross and circle, and the finest prehistoric relic of its kind in Britain after Stonehenge; the nearby Pictish remains of a Pictish fort at Doune Carloway; and, possibly, the Butt of Lewis, with the "Thrushel Stone," a 20-ft.-high monolith at Ballanthrushal.

One of the greatest charms of these islands is the people. They are a race apart; their language is Gaelic; and the conditions of their life wholly different from conditions elsewhere in Scotland. Their traditions, customs and beliefs are peculiar to them. The visitor has little hope, in a casual stay, of coming into anything like real contact with these people. But because they are reserved he should not imagine they are stupid. In the Outer Hebrides one finds a conception of life so divergent from widespread modern standards that the experience, even of feeling oneself unable to understand it, is as salutary as it is strange.

A B.E.A. Heron airliner comes in to land on the beach at Barra

There is no better way for the stranger to get the feel of Hebridean life than to travel by bus. These buses are often ancient, but they are an institution. Their excellent drivers, too, play an important part in the life of the community. They deliver the daily papers *en route* with an expert jerk of the wrist so that they land exactly at the door; they take messages and parcels from point to point; and, above all, you will find the bus a kind of club-house, where people enter into intimate conversations, practise popular songs, discuss lamb prices, while keeping an eye on the fields as they go by, so as to note how the harvest is going. Sometimes one or two of the passengers may pass round an alleviating bottle, which adds to the friendly and hilarious atmosphere. Altogether, a bus journey in the Hebrides can be great fun.

From Stornoway I travelled by a comfortable Macbrayne's steamer to Kyle of Lochalsh, where one disembarks at the rather early hour of 5 a.m. A short stroll to the local school brought me to a spot from which one gets a superb view of the Cuillins, those glorious, desolate mountains of Skye. For a moment my memory faltered. And then it dawned on me. I was again in Nyasaland, looking out on Zomba Mountain, where almost every feature is reminiscent of the rugged beauty seen just across the water from where I was sitting.

There is no better known part of the Western Isles than Skye, whose Gaelic name, "The isle of mist," reminds one that its climate is apt to be wet, although I experienced truly glorious fine weather. But there is always ample compensation for this in the luminosity of atmosphere, which is often the result, as well as in the varied and delicate colours of its land and seascapes. Skye, with its mountains, is a paradise for walkers and climbers, who should remember that the Cuillins are sufficient to test the skill of the most expert mountaineer. They offer almost no climb that is safe to attempt without a guide or companion who knows thoroughly what such a climb involves. Sligachan, by the way, is an excellent centre for the Cuillins, and it possesses one of the best hotels on the island.

Portree, a delightfully situated little town and the capital of Skye, is also a good centre, not least because it provides many opportunities for picturesque short and easy strolls. Also to be noted is its secondary school for boys and girls, for its products present as high a standard of educated youth as any in Britain. An excursion to the north of the island, following the rugged sea-coast, leads to Kilmuir churchyard, where Flora Macdonald lies buried, her corpse being swathed in a shroud: a sheet from a bed once slept in by the Prince.

Continuing along the west coast, Dunvegan, the oldest inhabited house in Britain, is reached. Here lives the present (twenty-eighth) Chief of the Macleod clan, Dame Flora Macleod, a most remarkable woman. To her home, standing on a rock and open to the public, come visitors from every part of the world. In its rooms we see Rory Mor's drinking horn, holding a quart, and from which each chief, when he comes of age, has to drink the contents at a draught; there is a glass case with a lock of Prince Charles's hair. We see the Prince's waistcoat and drinking horn. Letters from Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Johnson are also displayed; the great Doctor's handwriting is a model of legibility and clearness, but, then, he wrote before the days of the ball-pen. Nor must I forget to mention the famous Fairy Flag, said to possess special virtues. Captured originally from the Saracens, it has twice been unfurled to bring victory to the Macleods. If unfurled a third time, it and its standard-bearer will disappear for ever. Not far distant is Boreraig, where the MacCrimmons, hereditary pipers, had a College of Pipers—a seven-year course. It is now proposed to establish a Summer School there, to be known as the College of Piping.

Castlebay, on Barra, a centre for the herring fleet

The southern part of Skye is more fertile and less wild than the central and northern areas, but it has a distinctive charm of its own. It is best approached from Mallaig on the mainland, whence runs the railway to Fort William—in my opinion, the most scenic railway journey in Europe, although I found the trip between Achnasheen and Kyle of Lochalsh also delightful. I hope that neither of these lines ever comes under the axe of retrenchment. On Skye itself there are no railways and not even an airfield. Don't miss making the sea trip between Portree and Kyle or Mallaig, for it provides much delight.

Briefly, I will just mention the other islands of the Inner Hebrides: Mull (excellent hotel at Tobermory), and second only to Skye as a holiday resort; Tiree, a flat island appealing to those interested in wild bird life (a favourite hibernation nesting-ground for thousands of larks, said to come from Siberia), as will the neighbouring Coll; geologists will be attracted to mountainous Rum, with its oddly-named companions Muck and Eigg. All these islands are served by a full range of Macbrayne's steamer and coach services, and a very pleasant holiday could be planned island-hopping. The ships used are comfortable and the food good, while the voyages are as scenic and romantic as any in Europe.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

It is somewhat disappointing that not more than thirty-four helmsmen are entered for the Finn Gold Cup meeting, which starts at Torquay this weekend and continues throughout the coming week. The trophy was given by that great benefactor of British yachting F. G. Mitchell in 1956. On the last two occasions it has been won by the uncrowned king of the Finn class, Paul Elvstrom of Denmark. A much larger fleet was expected originally to take part. In this Olympic year the meeting for many countries offered a first-class opportunity for final selection of their national representatives. On the other hand, many conflicting international events, an international regatta at Naples just before and Kiel Week immediately after have not helped to attract foreign competitors to Torbay, and I understand that even the holder will not be defending the Cup.

From our own point of view therefore the importance of the event is a little reduced. But the performance of the Olympic candidates, of whom Richard Creagh-Osborne and Vernon Stratton have been showing the best promise lately, will be carefully watched. Final selection will not be announced, however, until after Kiel Week, which starts on June 18.

It is interesting to watch the development of this specialised class. It owes its existence mainly to having been chosen, for the third time, to be the single-handed boat in the Olympic Games. With this attraction many younger helmsmen have taken up Finn sailing since Melbourne, but they have not made a great deal of progress. The same few have maintained their position at the top who were in the running for selection the last time. Richard Murray, Jack Knights, Desmond Stratton and Keith Musto are others winning races besides the two already mentioned.

Although the fleet will be much smaller than the ninety boats originally estimated, I feel sure that the racing will be extremely keen and of a very high standard between the British and the many Continental visitors. The Torbay Yachting Association (to which the eight clubs in the bay belong) has an imposing reputation for organising this kind of event. I am sure that it will again be flawless in every detail from the parking arrangements for the boats to the Regatta Dinner at the Imperial at Torquay. This cannot be said always of all the organising bodies on the other side of the Channel (I heard of chaos at Zeebrugge recently), although the hospitality, especially in such material aspects as board and travel facilities for visiting competitors, often excels ours.

Following their National Championship held last weekend, the International Flying Dutchman Class—the boat selected for the two-man centreboard Olympic event—is holding an International meeting during the same week at Whitstable. Entries here are also down in number: only nine boats from the Continent will be racing with a fleet of about fifteen British. Of the latter, the complete Olympic "short list" will be there—Adrian Jardine, Stuart Jardine, "Slotty" Dawes (the "father" of the class), David Court-Hampton and Michael Peacock. From the performance shown so far this season it is almost impossible to pick a favourite for Olympic selection, although Adrian Jardine was provisionally selected last year.

I was shaken by the small response to the R.Y.A. Olympic appeal so far. In the R.Y.A.'s 1960 Year Book, which has just been published, there are listed nearly ten thousand members. Ten shillings from each of these is all that is needed, but only about a third of the target has been reached. The appeal remains open until the end of July.

Off Littlehampton Finn class dinghies compete for the *Sunday Times* Cup in the races organised by the Arun Sailing Club

Mr. Michael Peacock in his International Flying Dutchman rounds the mark

The secretary, Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Suddaby, watches Mr. Ritchie Wood

Mr. G. R. Page, a vice-president of the club, and Mrs. G. R. Page

The clubhouse is a Georgian mansion

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

EFFINGHAM

A feature of the club is the clubhouse, a Georgian mansion in the Surrey hills, about four miles beyond Leatherhead on the main Leatherhead-Guildford road. There are comfortable residential facilities, which have proved particularly attractive to golfers on leave from overseas. The clubhouse is about 45 minutes from London. Effingham Golf Club enjoys a reputation for being a paradise for the long driver. Founded in 1927 as the Effingham Manor Golf Club, the club had as its first president Baron Ebbisham of Cobham. The course was laid out by H. S. Colt, and its total length, 6,486 yards, is the second longest in Surrey. Long rolling fairways give plenty of opportunities for the golfer to open his shoulders. In 1939 the club was re-formed to take its present name, and twenty years later it purchased the freehold of the course, clubhouse and 80 acres of farmland. Typical of the course is the first hole, 489 yards long, with the hill and prevailing wind against the drive. The longest hole of the course is the eighth, 523 yards. The standard scratch score is 72 and the amateur record is held by D. A. Hough with a round of 70. In May 1959, Bobby Locke returned a 63, which included a return half of 29, with only eight putts.

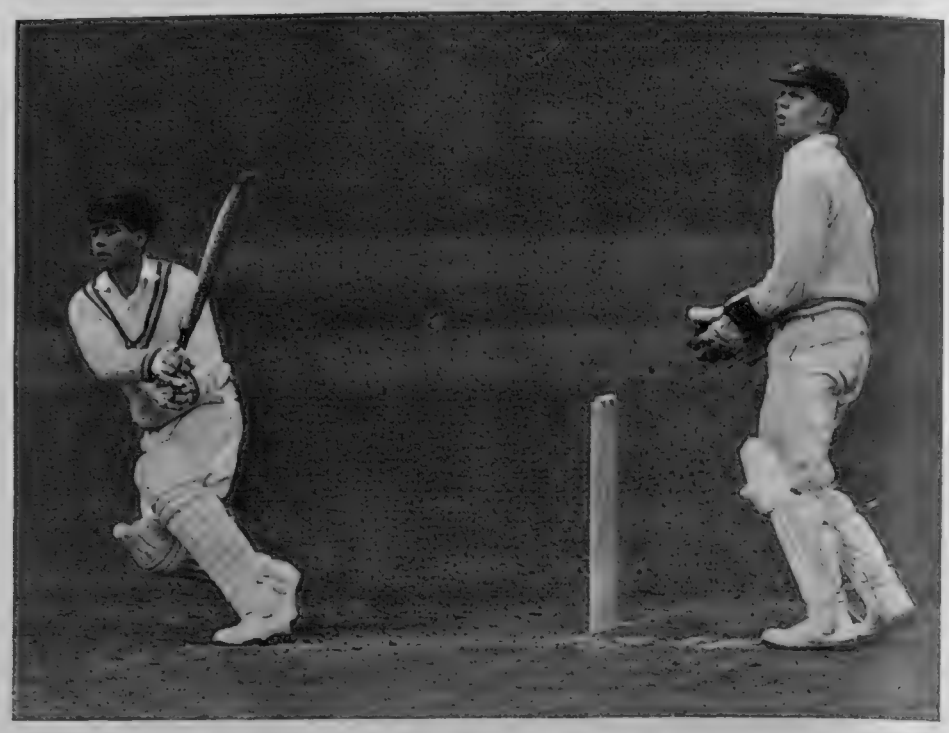
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morrish

Mr. E. L. Raggett, winner of the Veterans' Cup

Before the club's emblem, a Jerusalem cedar, the captain, Mr. R. A. Oswick; Mr. J. B. McRostie; and the professional, Mr. P. E. Loxley

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cregeen. Mrs. Cregeen is the present lady captain, Mrs. Smith is a past lady captain, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Cregeen are past captains

At Stowe in Buckinghamshire the captains toss—left, K. B. H. Stevens (Bradfield) and, right, D. H. Bate (Stowe)



D. P. Bentall of Stowe sweeps a four to leg watched by wicketkeeper H. E. M. Murphy

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

STOWE v. BRADFIELD

For the match played at Stowe on Saturday, May 21, there was a slow wicket and a cold, dull day. Bradfield, the visitors, won the toss and sent the home team in to bat. With only five runs on the scoreboard, Bate, the Stowe captain, was out; in the same match last year he shared in a hundred partnership. Bradfield had to wait for an hour for another success. With the total at 46, Mence clean bowled Sabberton for 29 with a well disguised slower ball. Hobson and Allerton batted quietly until ten minutes before lunch, when Hobson, playing slightly across the line, was bowled by Sills. At lunch the score after two hours' play was 62 for three wickets. Bradfield had bowled steadily and the Stowe batsmen found it difficult to penetrate a well-set field. Perhaps it would be fair to say that they did not hit the occasional bad ball nearly hard enough.

After lunch Allerton was beautifully caught low down on the leg-side by Murphy the wicketkeeper. Bentall then joined Hamp-Ferguson and these two, with some luck, pushed the score along at a better rate. When they reached 105, Hamp-Ferguson, with his own score at 23, was l.b.w. Not long afterwards Bentall hit a six over mid-wicket, and followed it by hooking the next ball for four. At 144 he was sixth out, well caught on the boundary. Knight joined de Havilland. He was out at 175 and the innings ended without further score. Bradfield were left with two hours and twenty minutes of batting.

Bradfield did not make a promising start. Sills was bowled by Hamp-Ferguson for nought and Stevens was caught off the same bowler when the score was 28. Blackham and Murphy came together, and after an hour's batting the score reached 40 for two. Although they appeared to find it hard to quicken the scoring rate, neither of the batsmen seemed in difficulty. The bowlers, Geddes and Hamp-Ferguson, were replaced by Knight, a medium-paced left-hander bowling over the wicket, and Bentall, with slow off-breaks. They were no more successful. Barton, slow left-hand, replaced Knight and beat the batsmen once or twice. But by degrees the rate of scoring went up and Murphy hit a six. Shortly before the close of play, he was bowled, and Bradfield ended the day with 113 for three, Blackham 41 not out.

The Bradfield eleven take the field, led by their captain

D. R. Sabberton of Stowe snicks the ball for two

A. J. C. Hamp-Ferguson of Stowe gives a chance

A. C. Geddes (Stowe) is bowled and Murphy catches the stump

High Street and Surrey Street (on left) in an earlier age

The same view to-day. Surrey Street is a market

Fairfield House School in 1830. Later it was Twentyman's School

Croydon Technical College now occupies the site

The Public Halls in George Street sixty-four years ago

The present shops and offices in George Street

CROYDON'S MILLENARY

Yesterday and To-day in the County Borough in Surrey

There is a will extant for the year 960 to which one of the witnesses is described as "priest of Croydon." It is a fair presumption that Croydon by that time must have been a flourishing community. Therefore 1960 is being taken as a suitable occasion for marking the millenary of the ancient town in Surrey. The origin of its name is not clear. Some authorities hold that it derives from the Saxon Crogedene, meaning "crooked valley." Others are of the opinion that Croie dune—"chalk hill" is a more likely derivation. Both schools of thought can claim topographical or geological support. Croydon does lie in a valley and it is built on chalk soil.

Already the citizens of Surrey's only County Borough—it was raised to this status in 1889—have begun celebrating Croydon's 1,000th anniversary. The local Philharmonic Society has given a concert under the baton of Sir Adrian Boult; the interior of the Parish Church has been the setting for *Son et Lumière*. This will be resumed in the autumn when the evenings draw in. Two outstanding events will be the Pageant in Lloyd Park from June 15 to 25, with performances every evening and matinees as well, on the Saturdays, and the Millenary Exhibition at Croydon airport from June 14 to 25. The Exhibition, covering more than two acres of space, has the co-operation of the Croydon County Borough Council, is sponsored by the Croydon and District Chambers of Commerce and organised by Industrial Exhibition (Services) Ltd., of London.

BOOKS

"A SMELL OF BACON"

The Early Memories of Cecil Day-Lewis; the Life of a Famous Judge; Mozart and His Times; Some New Novels

When Auden issued his directive that " the poet must look like a stockbroker," Mr. Cecil Day-Lewis did his best to conform, but this was in his Oxford days and a magnificent photograph serving as frontispiece to his autobiography shows us how far and how happily he has moved away from such an appearance. THE BURIED DAY (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) is Mr. Day-Lewis' story from his earliest memory, " a smell of bacon," which most people would agree is a delightful one, to the early months of the war and a profound change in his way of life, his sensibilities and his approach to his work.

Mr. Day-Lewis is first and foremost a poet and he has been one, at least by inclination and desire, since boyhood. In his book he traces with exquisitely fine self-analysis the forces, the impulses and the enthusiasms which shaped both his character and his writing. From his present age of fifty-five and his Greenwich home, he reviews the life which began in Ireland and was to continue through a tranquil and happy childhood at the various places in London and the English countryside where his clergyman father was moved by his duties. An early chapter, *The Long Summers*, is as sweetly nostalgic as any pages I have read, taking one back not only in thought to the years when all summers were long and golden but when one was child enough to believe that that warm security would continue for ever.

Endlessly quotable though it is—and Mr. Day-Lewis, too, quotes the poets and himself among them—I will only add that this is a book for savouring one's self without a further introduction or encouragement from a third person. I enjoyed it immensely, was moved by it and chuckled over it and if I don't think that I really know the author much better than at the start of his book it is because human beings, and poets among them, remain mysterious creatures.

Mr. Douglas G. Browne has written the biography of SIR TRAVERS HUMPHREYS (Harrap. 22s. 6d.), that distinguished advocate and, later, judge of whom it was once remarked that " he is so damned fair that he leaves nothing for the defence to say." This, naturally, is a very different kind of work from the last, just as no two careers can be much farther apart than those of a poet and a man of Law. Mr. Browne's style is appropriately lucid and his accounts of Travers Humphreys' great cases are models of crisp and comprehensive reporting. The subject of the biography was one of the counsel briefed to defend Oscar Wilde in 1889, and as Treasury Counsel he figured in such trials as those of Crippen, the first criminal to be apprehended by wireless, and a pop-eyed little fellow who must have looked incapable of so brutal a crime as the murder of his wife; the Seddons and Sir Roger Casement, among scores of others.

After he became a judge just over thirty years ago he conducted the trials for murder of Mrs. Barney, whose counsel, Sir Patrick Hastings, scored one of the most spectacular successes of his career with her acquittal, and Alma Rattenbury, whose case closely paralleled the notorious Thompson-Bywaters trial. In the memorable and long-drawn-out Arson Conspiracy Sir Travers Humphreys' summing-up took three days in itself and is still held to be a masterpiece of its kind. Mr. Browne has indeed succeeded in making the old legal history come to life again and has drawn a likable portrait of a remarkable barrister, counsel and judge.

Mr. T. S. ELIOT opens the Mrs. May Lamberton Becker Memorial Reading Room at the National Book League, in London. Mrs. Becker, who died two years ago, was known both as an author, and a critic in New York

DANTE CALLED YOU BEATRICE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) is a very odd kind of autobiography indeed as the obliqueness of its title might suggest. The author, Mr. Paul Potts, has been a writer for almost all his forty-eight years, but this is the first book of his to be published. The result is an uncompromising, uneven, unconventional and, above all, unhypocritical piece of work with built-in fireworks and a good deal of truly excellent characterisation—of himself and others.

Here he is, for instance, on his friend Dylan Thomas: " Literature has had many great men; he perhaps is her only great child." He writes about Hugh MacDiarmid—" the only real poet I have known who was also a real radical," or about Ezra Pound: " The political secret about Pound is that he is a radical gone wrong, not a conservative gone right." About Orwell, whom he also knew, Mr. Potts writes that he wasn't a creative writer of the first range. " He did, however, write some very fine English prose, as good as Lincoln, Tom Paine and Jefferson." This passage and its implied paradox is typical of the author's rather Puckish sense of literary fun. Altogether a highly unusual autobiography and, for that very reason, all the more welcome.

Dr. Erich Schenk, head of the Music Department at the University of Vienna, has written MOZART AND HIS TIMES (Secker and Warburg. 50s.) with all the authority that

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HONOURING SICKERT

on the Centenary of the Painter's Birth

A distinguished critic has said of Walter Sickert " He is the kind of painter from whom we have to gather the indications of how he picked his odd way if we are to get to know him at all." Sickert's art is indeed by no means easy to appreciate, so many were its periods and so varied the influences upon it. We are therefore deeply indebted in this centenary year of the painter's birth to Lillian Browse for her comprehensive presentation of the artist's work in a magnificent volume in colour and monochrome. SICKERT (Rupert Hart Davis. £3 3s.) reflects this artist in his considerable variety, focussing on his classic Dieppe period.

At the turn of the century Walter Sickert lived in Dieppe as one of the people, at home both with the Le Pollet fisherfolk and the cultured Jacques Emile Blanche circle, and his paintings show that the character and atmosphere of Dieppe sank deep into his mind. Later the clouded skies and the heavy London atmosphere made an equally profound impression upon this man who began his career as a pupil of Whistler. Miss Browse makes the assertion that Sickert was England's finest painter since Turner and Constable, and more than that, England's first democratic painter to devote his attention to the " under dog." This is a worthy record of Sickert's art, the art of a purely instinctive painter whose full renown is probably yet to come.

Honoré Daumier will always be remembered for his satires on the foibles of the *bourgeoisie* and on the corruption of the Law, although his flights into higher spheres of painting also won him no little fame. It is the popular side of Daumier's work that Julien Cain brings out in the volume LAW AND JUSTICE (W. H. Allen. 63s.). These drawings were originally contributions to Daumier's Charivari series, and after more than a century it is clear that they have lost none of their force. Satire was indeed carried to its highest peak by Daumier's pencil. As Paul Valéry has said, " Daumier's ridicule was a kind of penultimate Last Judgment."

Lewis Broad, whose critics have complained that he has not often shown Churchill to be in the wrong, is indeed an ardent admirer of our great war leader, and sees no reason to indulge in the iconoclastic habit of the times. His latest book, THE WAR THAT CHURCHILL WAGED (Hutchinson. 35s.), is written as a clear-cut narrative of the great years of 1939-45, taking us from the shadow of defeat at Dunkirk, through the time when we fought alone, through the strengthening grand alliance, to the final moments of victory in West and East. Mr. Broad presents his story to mark the twentieth anniversary of the opening of Churchill's premiership, and with the late Ambassador John Winant he marvels at all that was done " when it would have taken so few mistakes to bring about defeat." This is a book on the grand scale, a narrative that sweeps one on through the tide of years, at once accurate in its information and generous in spirit.

Four hundred years ago South American Indians started fleeing from the conquistadors into the unexplored region of Xingu in the North Matto Grosso. There they still maintain themselves precariously in this last stronghold against civilisation, where so few white men have penetrated and where Colonel Fawcett met his end. In THE HEART OF THE FOREST (Gollancz. 25s.) Adrian Cowell describes his own experiences in this region in company with Villas Boas, the " Livingstone of Brazil." The author's main theme is Villas Boas' struggle to preserve the tribes from extinction, his insight into the Indian mind, which it is so hard for the white man to comprehend, and his deep compassion for the forest people.

Ray Parkin's OUT OF THE SMOKE (Hogarth Press. 21s.) is the war story of the Australian cruiser *Perth*, of her heroic end in the Sunda Strait, battered by vastly superior Japanese forces, and of what befell the remnants of her crew. They sought to sail to safety, only to find that their landfall was an enemy-held beach. It is a finely-told tale and often intensely moving. **R. C. E.**

is his by reason of musical experience, a lifetime of study and a residence in the city where, after Salzburg, Mozart is possibly more appreciated than anywhere else in the world. The editing and translation from the German has been done by Richard and Clara Winston.

The world in which Mozart lived was a world of contrasts: of fabulously rich patrons, capricious enough to ignore real need when they heard of it: of musicians whose works delighted courts, prelates and rulers, but who could be buried at their deaths with less ceremony than a pauper: of intrigues not confined to courts but rife between musicians themselves: and of a *beau monde* to which one of the pass-keys was some sort of real or professed musical knowledge. Dr. Schenk has written Mozart's history with a scrupulous regard for sources and their authenticity and has, with skill, patience and an obviously deep devotion, written what may well remain the standard work on the great composer for years to come.

The only English novel this week is Mr. Gwyn Griffin's SONS OF GOD (Angus and Robertson. 16s.), a deeply-felt and acidly-conveyed account of an English colony, riddled with small, ulcerous ambitions, at its best an area of deadly boredom, at its worst a forcing bed of jealousies, lies and the kind of climbing only attempted when *not* roped together. It is difficult to imagine that Mr. Griffin has written this from anything but experience, although I must say that certain passages struck me as having a fine imaginative swing. The only characters on whom the reader's sympathies can focus are a French-North African brother and sister who come unwillingly to the colony, she, because she has married one of its higher-ranking police officials, he, at sixteen, because the girl is his only and much loved relation. If there is a moral to their story it is that the unrighteous, i.e., the English, flourish like the green bay tree.

And so to three American novels of which the first is a very funny story indeed, by Mr. Ira Wallach, and is concerned with an odd little enclave on a Californian shore where young men lie in the sun, do a few ritual exercises and, of all things in the world, cultivate their muscles. These are not athletes by any stretch of the imagination but beings who chat knowingly of pects, abs and glutes, oil themselves more thoroughly than sardines and, in a phrase, live for their Herculean builds. To MUSCLE BEACH (Gollancz. 15s.) comes a less well-developed but nevertheless effective young man from New York and the story of his cynical and wildly funny experiences is as amusing as anything you are likely to come across on a typical June day.

THE FATHERS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) was first published twenty-two years ago and appears now in a slightly revised edition. It is a tale of Virginia before the Civil War or, as it is still called in the South, the War Between the States. Mr. Allen Tate wrote of that antebellum civilisation which was destroyed by the war, and of the manner of its going. His writing is taut and forceful. I recommend it to you as a vital and scholarly book about a period too often romanticised.

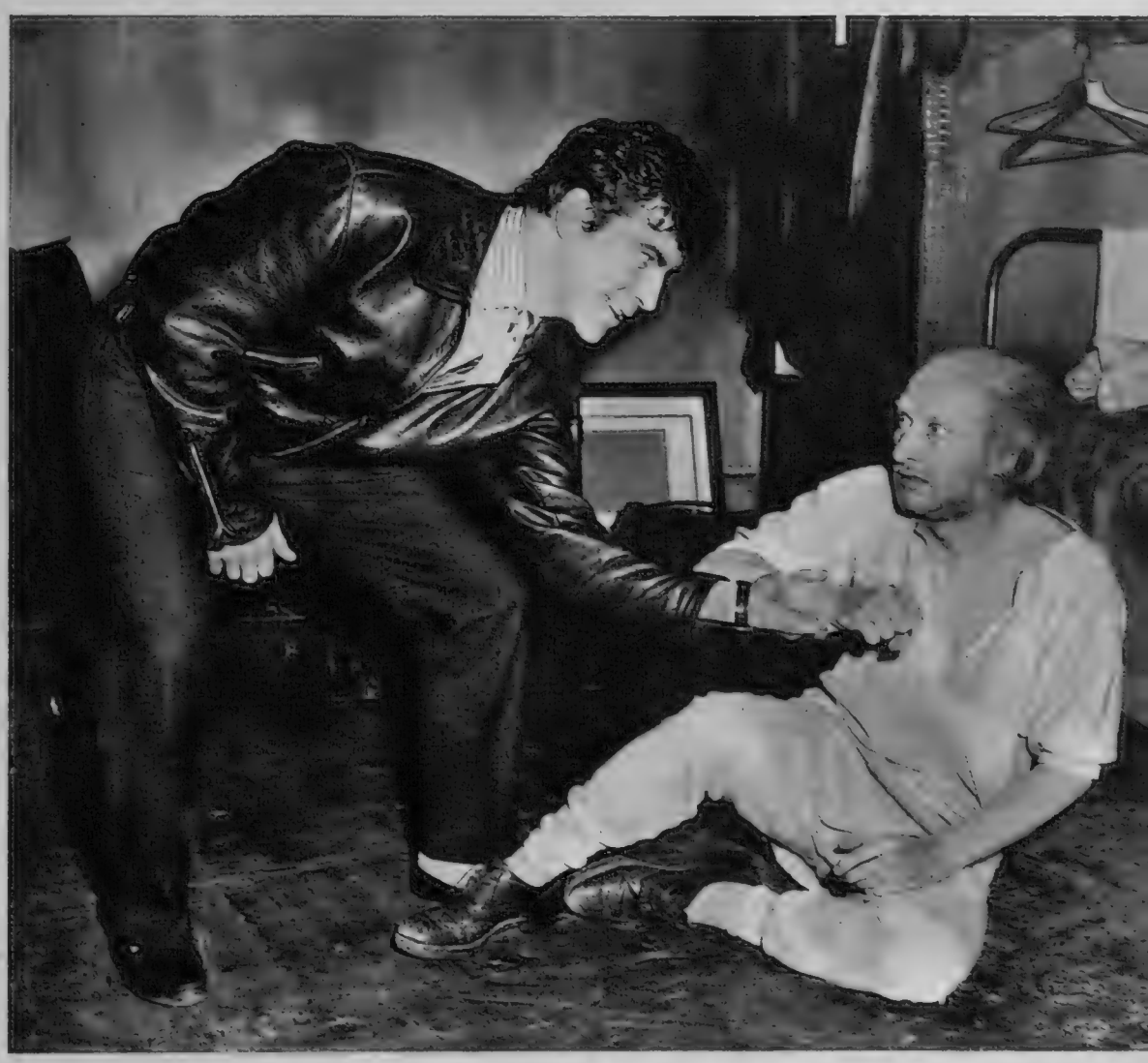
The author of BROTHERS TO THE WIND (Methuen. 16s.), Mrs. Vii Putnam, is herself half gipsy and writes about Romanies in California in her first and most spirited novel. Mrs. Putnam is a grand-daughter of King Mitchell I who is reputed to have buried his second wife with over £300,000 worth of gold coins and jewels sewn into her dress. If the writer herself had no first-hand knowledge of such dramas she did spend her early years in gipsy wanderings before she graduated from college, became a teacher and later tried her hand at scores of other jobs, finally settling for the profession of letters. Her book is more documentary than fiction but it contains some fascinating material and proves, among other things, that Californian gipsies are easily as resourceful as their European fellows.

Vernon Fane

THEATRE

AFTER THEIR SECRET WEDDING, actor André Morell and actress Joan Greenwood arrive at London Airport from New York. They had been married a week previously in Jamaica but had kept their wedding a secret until shortly before they flew to London. André Morell was for some time the Professor in the B.B.C.'s popular television serial, *Quatermass in the Pit*

RICHARD II, in Shakespeare's tragic history play at the Old Vic, is now played by Alec McCowen, who took over from John Justin. He is with Judi Dench as the Queen. His original reading marks a departure from the conception of Richard as a poet manqué and will be in the repertory until the end of July, as the season has been extended during the summer



IN "THE CARETAKER," at the Duchess Theatre, Alan Bates (left) is Mick and Donald Pleasence is Davies, a tramp. There is only one other part in the cast. This is played by Peter Woodthorpe. The play, by Harold Pinto, was transferred at the beginning of this week from the Arts Theatre, where it had started its London run last month. The theme of *The Caretaker*, which owes much to fine acting and production, is concerned with the inability of human beings to communicate with each other

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir John Hanbury-Williams

Looking down on Sir John Hanbury-Williams, Chairman of Courtaulds Ltd., the internationally famous producers of man-made fibres, is Samuel Courtauld (1793-1881), the principal founder of the original business. He was a descendant of a Huguenot family, and the business was at first mainly concerned with silk fabrics, branching out into man-made fibres in 1904. Sir John has been Chairman since 1946 and under his ægis Courtaulds have expanded considerably overseas as well as at home. Developments have included the re-entry of Courtaulds into the U.S.A. as a major man-made fibre producer and the acquisition of British Celanese Ltd. Every year the Chairman spends a month or more visiting the overseas interests of the world-wide organisation. Born in 1892, John Hanbury-Williams, having been educated at Wellington, worked for a firm of merchants trading in the Far East. He served in the First World War in the 10th Hussars. In 1926 he joined Courtaulds and became concerned with developing the company's export trade in rayon yarns. He was elected to the Board on becoming responsible for the administration of overseas affiliated companies. In 1928 he married Princess Zenaida Cantacuzene. They live in London and have two daughters and a son. Sir John was made a knight bachelor in the 1950 New Year's Honours and a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order in 1956. He was a Gentleman Usher to George V; Edward VIII; and George VI; later was an Extra Gentleman Usher to George VI; and now has the same office in the Household of Queen Elizabeth

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

TURBULENCE IN THE OIL MARKET

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It was not until about a fortnight ago, when thirty or forty filling stations in East Anglia began selling 100-octane petrol, equivalent to the " super " grades, at 4s. 5½d. a gallon, and a standard grade for 4s. 0½d., that real price-cutting on the scale of the petrol price wars in Germany and Italy came to Britain. This " Jet " brand petrol is marketed by a Lincolnshire company with storage depots in Felixstowe and Keadby; Mr. R. Brooks, managing director of the importing company, says that it is refined from crude oil in Germany. There have been smaller cuts in price at isolated filling stations in the last few months, usually of a penny or 2d. a gallon; but 6d. a gallon is a different matter. Out of the ordinary recommended price of 4s. 11½d. a gallon in that " zone " of the country for super grades of the well-known brands, fuel tax takes 2s. 6d. a gallon, and the retail distributor's margin would amount to only about 6¼d.; so no filling station selling the major brands could afford to cut his own margin enough to match this " Jet " competition.

For the present, at any rate, the major companies feel they can ignore this bout of price-cutting as they have ignored others. About 93 per cent. of the pumps at Britain's 36,000-odd filling stations are under exclusive contract to sell one major brand of petrol or another; only a tiny proportion of motorists ever encounter a petrol station offering cut prices, and among these many would prefer to settle for brands they know. If price-cutting became wider-spread, as it has done among the quite large number of " independent " filling stations in Germany, the companies might have to lower their own prices, since there are limits to the public's " brand loyalty." But the oil industry dislikes bitter price wars, which usually end up with nobody getting a bigger share of the market, but all suppliers having to accept smaller profit margins.

This small splash of " Jet " petrol into the placid petrol market has come as one of the first " visible " ripples to reach British shores from the turbulence of the world oil market outside. Nothing has been more obvious, during the last couple of years, than the growing surplus of coal; even people who have not travelled through mining areas and seen the mountains of unsold stocks have nevertheless read column upon column of newspaper comment upon the decline of demand for coal, the closure of mines and the abandonment of plans for opencast working, and the financial plight of the National Coal Board. Few things, by contrast, have been less obvious within this country than the world surplus of oil. By convention, the amounts of oil in stock in this country are never published, so that the public gets no signs from changes in their volume; in any case, the international oil companies, integrated from well-head to pump, manage their affairs better than to pile up large stocks that they cannot sell.

The Coal Board, moreover, might well consider the present surplus of oil a pretty comfortable one. Consumption of oil products in Britain last year rose by about 400,000 tons, or 17 per cent. Both Shell and British Petroleum showed useful increases in profits in their latest accounts, and raised their dividends; and their world-wide experience in the first few months of this financial year, according to their two chairmen, shows further substantial increases in sales. Salesmen of coal, doggedly trying to persuade industrial customers not to switch over to fuel oil, do not think of their counterparts in the oil business as being exactly in difficulties—though the oil salesmen usually have more authority to cut advertised prices than the coal men do.

World oil surplus, that is to say, has not arisen through any collapse in the world's habit of demanding more oil every year. Last year, when world consumption reached about 1,000,000,000 tons, the increase over 1958 was still about 7 per cent. What has happened is that the rate of increase in the free world has slowed fractionally; and that, for various reasons, the amount of oil available has increased even more. In a sense, there is never a physical surplus of oil produced: tankage capacity is too expensive, and the best place to store petroleum is in the ground. The surplus manifests itself simply in terms of the amount of oil that can be offered at ruling prices; and there is no doubt that to-day far more is being offered than can readily be consumed. While the vast majority of world trade in oil is still carried out by the few international major companies, who are unlikely to spoil their own business by unloading excessive amounts on to the market, growing amounts of oil are to-day in the hands of newer groups which cannot afford to bide their time in quite such an orderly fashion.

These newcomers represent various interests. Prominent among them are a number of American companies, including some of the largest operators in the domestic American oil industry, which have ventured on to the international scene, mainly in Venezuela but also in newly-developing parts of the Middle East, only in the last few years. They came overseas from the United States because it seemed clear that demand there would soon outrun practicable internal production, and they wanted a claim on cheaper oil abroad to supply themselves with imports. But now that they have developed the overseas production, and are committed to develop more, the United States is restricting its imports considerably, and hoping to go on relying mainly on production inside its own—and the Canadian—borders. Such companies as Tidewater Oil want to enter European markets to sell the oil originally destined for the U.S.A. But entry in a market such as Britain's is not easy: it demands at the very least loading terminals and tank storage. And with the big expansion of such facilities that established companies have recently been carrying out, such as B.P.'s Angle Bay installations, most of the best locations have already been used up.

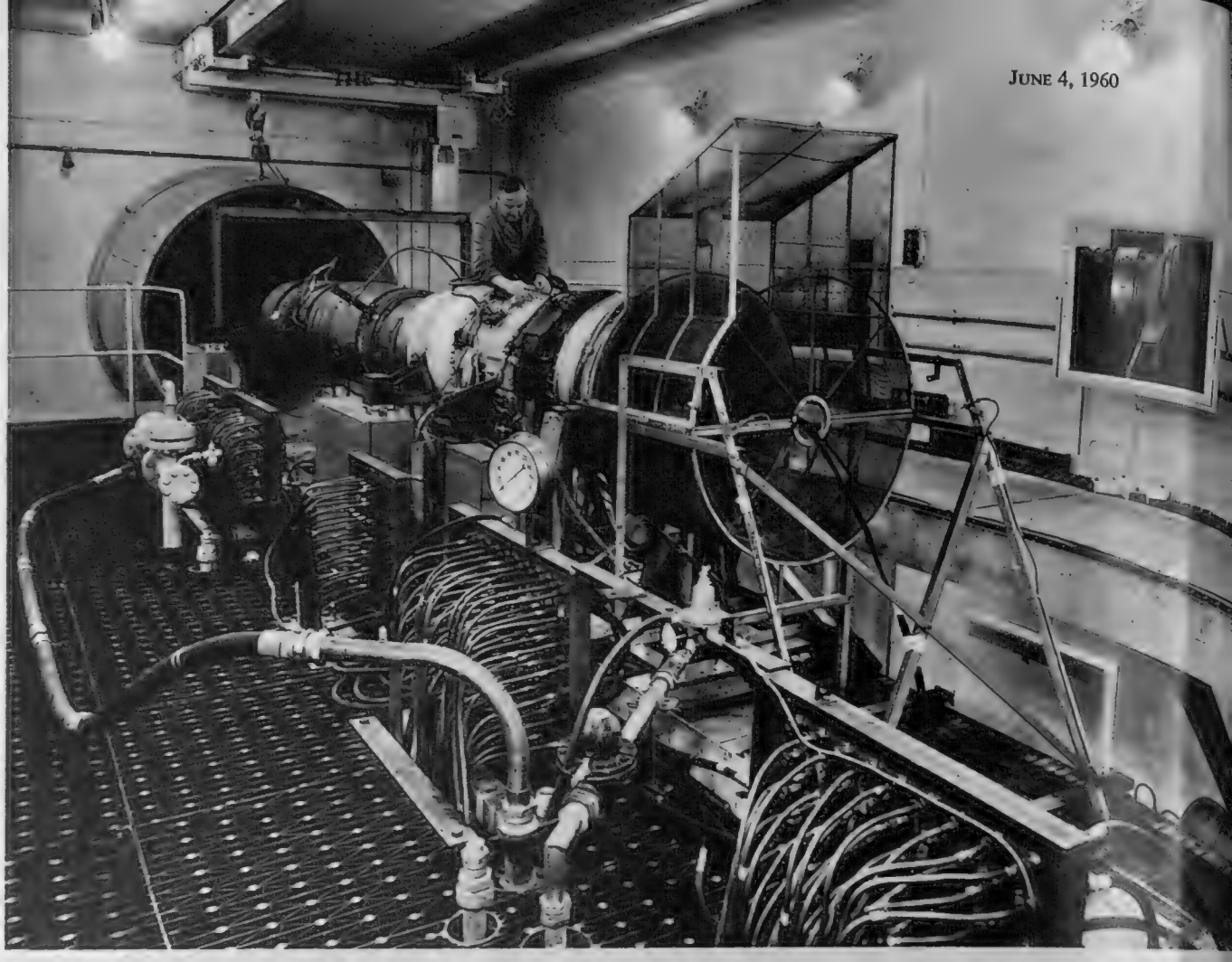
Other newcomers—the best-publicised of all—are selling oil from the Sahara. Here French Government interests predominate, though the well-known international companies are mostly drilling in the Sahara too; but the main importance of the nationalised companies' stake in this new " franc zone " oil is political. Already all companies operating refineries in France are being required to process a proportion of Saharan crude oil along with the rest of their throughput—regardless of the fact that this crude oil is very light, giving a low proportion of the heavy fuel oils for which French demand has recently been rising most. The French Government is buying a 60 per cent. interest in one refinery, and setting up its own petroleum distributing chain which will compete with the existing distributive organisations.

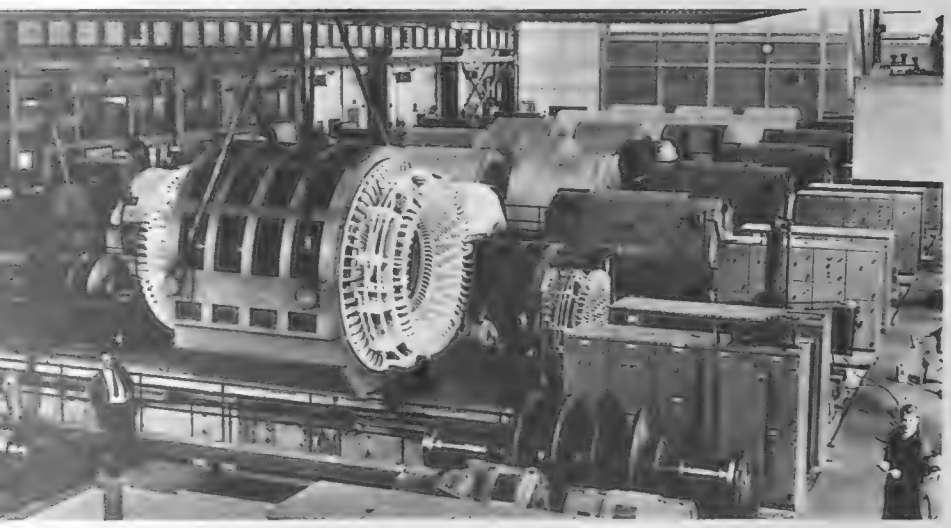
B.P.'s installations at Angle Bay,on Milford Haven. Foreground are oil storage tanks

The difficulty may be to accommodate all these growing supplies in a total demand that is growing too, but not at the same rate. In some of the existing producing countries of the Middle East oil companies have definite obligations to increase their " offtake " of oil; in others, the " host governments " are anxious not to see any halt to the formerly steady growth of their oil revenues, or to see any other Middle East country forge ahead at their expense. In various areas of new oil development—notably Libya, where rich deposits of low-cost oil have been found—the developers are under pressure to get into production because of time-limits on their exploring concessions.

So far this surplus of available oil is only developing. There are some areas of the world where development of new oilfields can be slowed; but over the next three to five years more and more wells are due to come into production which cannot be " shut " in without causing various people heavy losses. Where those people are businessmen, they may accept the losses, and wait for their returns; where they are politicians, they will be much less willing to do so. There are a growing number of politicians influencing the oil business or actually in it—such as Italy's Enrico Mattei, head of the ENI oil and natural gas business owned by the State.

Russia, again, remains a somewhat enigmatic factor in the world oil business; it is beginning to offer oil products on quite a large scale to Western Europe. This is by no means the first soft market for oil that the old-established international companies have had to cope with, and it has an underlying strength in the continuing growth of demand that has been lacking at times in the past. But there are rather more counters on the board—and of different colours—than there used to be.





At the National Gas Turbine Establishment at Pyestock, in Hampshire, a Rolls-Royce Avon turbojet is prepared for a test run in one of the cells. The left-hand end of the building is taken up with the air intake. *Left*—Inside the Air House a large electric motor is lowered onto its circular plinth. Eight of these motors are used to drive air-compressors

RESEARCH ON GAS TURBINES

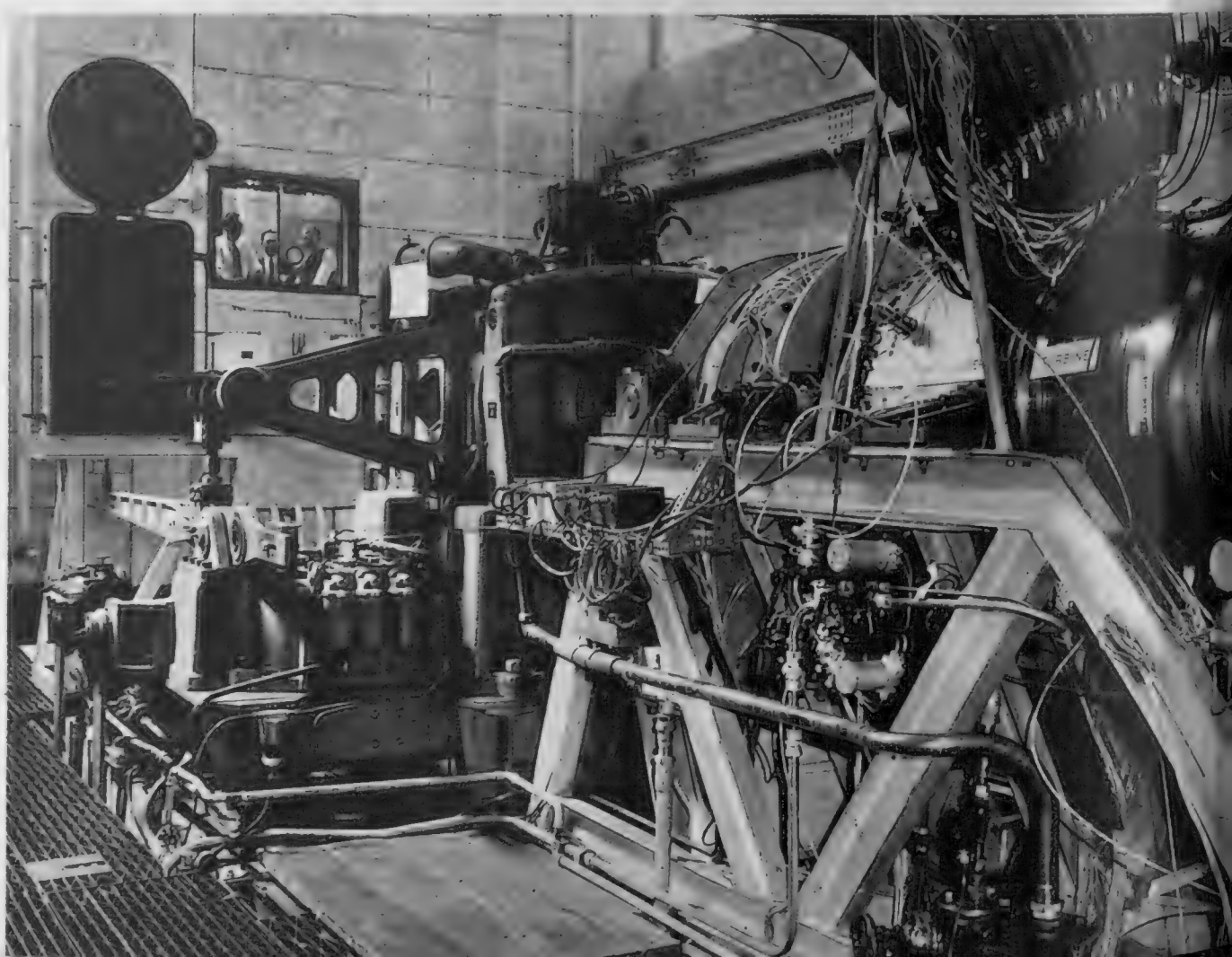
A gas turbine is almost hidden by the testing equipment. Technicians controlling the programme can be seen at the window of the control room

At the end of May, the Ministry of Aviation's National Gas Turbine Establishment at Pyestock, in Hampshire, held a show week. Of particular interest is the new Engine Test Facility, of which two cells are in operation and a third is approaching completion. In addition, a fourth cell may be added some time in the future. The purpose of Pyestock is to acquire basic knowledge and data in the gas turbine field. Research at the establishment is being directed away from the basic engine design towards the problems of installation and operation. A great deal of work is being done on noise research, a problem which has become of overriding importance to airport authorities in big cities.

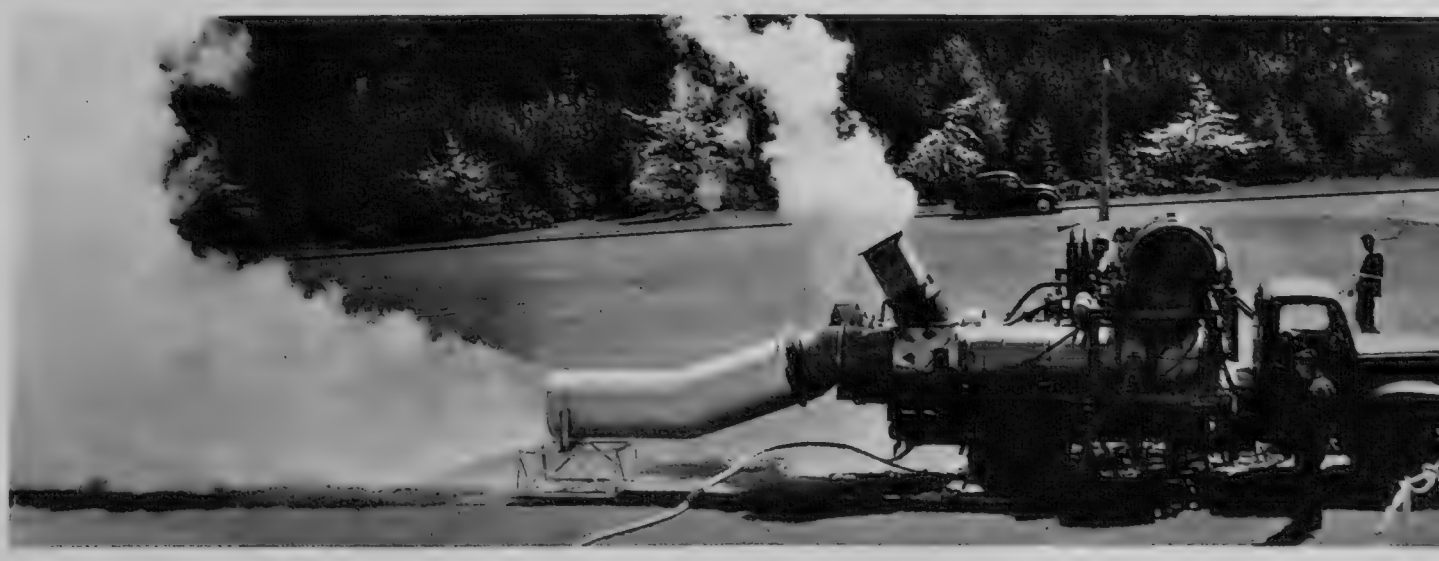
The Engine Test Facility consists essentially of the Air House and the test cells. Inside the Air House are eight compressor-exhauster sets, which provide the compressed air used to simulate various conditions inside the cells. The first two cells have been running for eighteen months. Number 1 tests small engines, both ramjet and turbojet, over a wide range of flight conditions. Number 2 is for connected rig tests on any engine at high or low density. Number 3 is primarily designed for low-pressure testing, and to provide rapid changes of pressure, temperature and flow. Should a fourth cell be added, it is planned that it should deal with supersonic inlet testing with the largest engines.

As the speeds of aircraft increase, air-breathing jet engines are forced to operate in more and more arduous conditions. It is for this reason that ground test facilities are necessary which can simulate supersonic flight speeds. A vital part of an aircraft turbine designed to operate at supersonic speeds is its intake. The basic function of an intake is to slow down the air to a velocity acceptable to the engine, converting kinetic energy to pressure energy. An amount of research is being carried on at Pyestock to find the most satisfactory solution to problems of compression.

Work at the establishment is carried out over a number of fields, including the application of nuclear power to turbines and using inert gas for fire-fighting. In the Admiralty Test House, development work is being carried out on marine gas turbines, a number of which are now in service in the Navy. Of great interest, with the publicity for the hovercraft, is research on ducted fans (which provide the air cushion on which the craft ride).



Test cell number 3 of the Engine Test Facility under construction at Pyestock. It is one of three cells, which enable flight conditions to be simulated between extremes of high and low pressure, temperature, and flight speed



Being demonstrated is a new mobile fire-fighting appliance. It was designed and made at Pyestock on behalf of the Fire Research Station. A Viper turbo-jet is mounted on a five-ton lorry chassis to form an inert gas generator; the large flow of gas would blow away flames and smoke and the inert gas would inhibit combustion

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

HILDA HARDING

The first woman to be appointed manager of a bank is interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

Although banking is no longer a profession in which men take decisions and women take shorthand, it certainly remains one in which comparatively few women reach the senior grades. A fine spread of headlines therefore celebrated the appointment in 1958 of Miss Hilda Harding as manager of a new branch of Barclays Bank in Hanover Street, W.1—the first woman manager to be appointed by any of the British clearing banks.

Miss Harding is a tall, fair, strong-featured woman aged forty-four, with a calm, candid manner which expresses the serene confidence of long experience. She does not believe that the dearth of women in the higher ranks of her calling can be attributed to masculine prejudice. "I have never found the slightest difficulty in working with men," she declares. "If one is really interested in the work, knows it thoroughly, and behaves as one really is, the question simply does not arise." Nevertheless, in order to dispose of any lingering doubts on the ability of a woman to run a bank branch as capably as a man, Miss Harding has four women on her staff of six, including two who hold the key supporting positions of chief clerk and first cashier.

Miss Hilda Harding in her office at the Hanover Street, London, branch of Barclays Bank

What are the reactions of men clients when they find a woman seated behind the manager's desk in an office with fresh flowers in a vase on the bookshelf and Royal Copenhagen plates on the wall? Most people were forewarned, Miss Harding explained, by the publicity given to her appointment. "And the few men who come in to see me and are not expecting a woman here have not shown any surprise."

"In banking," Miss Harding went on, "there is no short cut to success. For women, as for men, the chances of promotion are there, if they stick at the job. Because so many girls leave the profession after a few years, people tend to think that shorthand-typing or working with machines are the only things women can do in banks. That isn't correct, and I should like to think that my own career bears out the argument." It certainly does.

Her long journey to Hanover Street began twenty-six years ago, all of them with Barclays. The daughter of a market gardener near Henley-on-Thames, she left Henley Grammar School at the age of sixteen without matriculating and with no particular career in mind. Then her sister, who was already working in Barclays, heard of a vacancy in the branch at High Wycombe. Hilda Harding started there when she was eighteen years old as a junior clerk earning £50 a year. For the first six months she remembers that she found the routine tasks of a junior in a small country branch decidedly dull. "Then the manager read me the Riot Act," she recalls.

A young woman of persistence, she went back to her typewriter determined to overcome the beginner's boredom that cuts short so many careers in banking. But it was several years before she succeeded, and began to take a really genuine interest in her work. The war was responsible for this change. For Hilda Harding, as for so many women in other professions, it brought a welcome increase in responsibility. First, she was transferred to the Henley branch, where she began to tackle, among other things, the complexities of bank book-keeping. Then, in 1941, she was moved again, this time to the bank's local head office at Reading, and to an altogether tougher job.

Local head offices are a special feature of Barclays. Their directors, who control all the branches in their area, in many cases also sit as directors on the central board of the bank. In seven years at Reading, Hilda Harding was secretary to three directors, including one board director, controlling nearly thirty branches. It was her first taste of administration, and it equipped her for her last long jump up the ladder to her present post. After attending a refresher course at the bank's training school, she was transferred in 1948 to their head office in Lombard Street as secretary to the senior general manager.

"A tremendous experience," she says, "for it gave me a wonderful over-all picture of every aspect of banking. Having started as a shorthand-typist all those years ago, I was able to work my way right through the administration, always working very closely with the people actually running the banks. The important quality in banking, you know, is good, plain common sense—judgment, if you like. And that is something that can't be learned from textbooks: it means years of practical day-to-day experience of different problems as they arise."

As a measure of her directors' confidence in her abilities, it is significant that the new branch entrusted to her is surrounded not only by branches of the other four big banks, but also by several branches of Barclays. To build up fresh business in this highly competitive area is no soft task. "It has meant an enormous amount of hard work," Miss Harding says, "but that's something I've never been afraid of. And I can't speak too highly of the wonderful support my staff have given me."

The work started with planning the layout and décor of the branch with the architect. In this, Miss Harding was able to express her belief in the movement towards making banks the sort of places where the ten-pound-a-week men as well as the surtax payers feel at home. "I wanted to break away from the austere atmosphere of so many banks," she explains. And with its diffused cornice lighting, pale oyster walls, fresh flowers, and low, comfortable chairs or bench-type settees upholstered in deep blue, her branch certainly achieves a most refreshing contrast to the marble-and-mahogany school of design.

At the time of her appointment, it was suggested in some newspapers that she would cater primarily for women working in the shops, stores and offices in the neighbourhood. "That was wrong," says Miss Harding. "What the bank wants is a good mixed clientele here, well spread between men, women and business houses." Nevertheless, in planning her ideal branch, she has included one or two thoughtful ideas for women customers. There is a writing-room where they can meet friends, write a letter or two, or simply sit and relax before rushing back to their offices or the next round of shopping. And there is even a small, elegantly equipped powder room.

Away from Hanover Street, Miss Harding lives quietly with her mother at their home in Shiplake. The family still have their market garden, and growing flowers has always been one of her chief interests outside her work. She is modest about her pioneering achievement, and hopes that she will be the first of many women doing a job in which, she says, "the real satisfaction comes from giving a personal service, helping people. Without wishing to sound pompous, to me that satisfaction is very great indeed."

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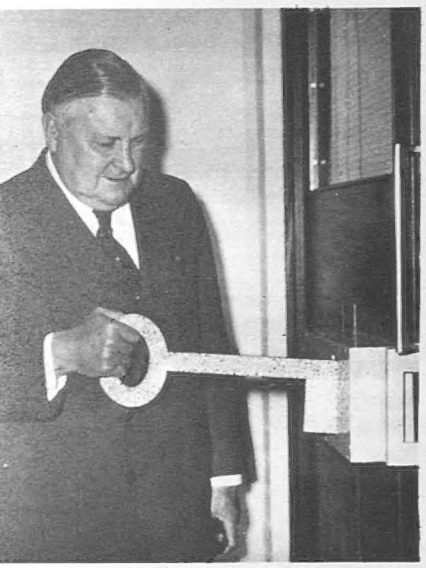
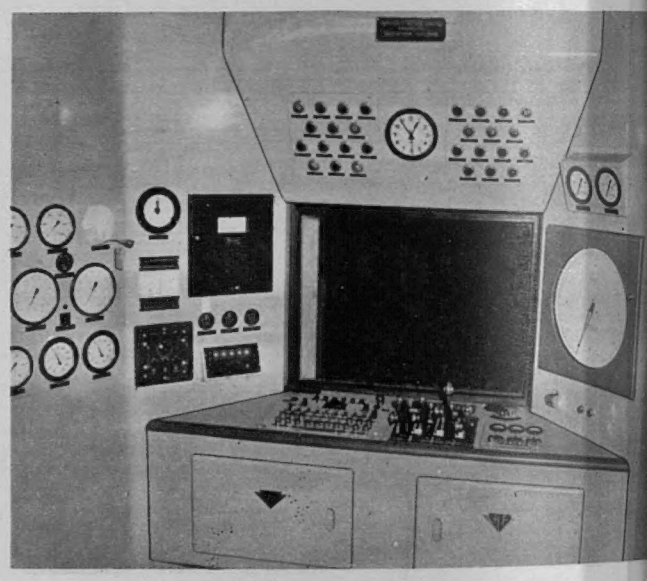
BEA Viscounts are serviced in a bay of the East Block, a giant hangar recently completed at BEA's Engineering Base at London Airport

NEW GIANT HANGARS AT LONDON AIRPORT



Lord Douglas of Kirtleside turns the concrete key

In order to service British European Airways' fleet of 116 aircraft, an engineering base, costing £7,000,000, is under construction at London Airport. Recently, three months ahead of schedule, Lord Ashcombe, chairman of Holland & Hannen and Cubitts Ltd., handed over two giant hangar blocks, consisting of twenty bays, measuring 23,500 square feet each. The hangars were formally accepted by Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, the chairman of BEA. Work started on the project in 1950. The first block was completed in 1953, and the new East Block, on which work began three-and-a-half years ago, was finished in May. Later this year an office block will complete the 65-acre base. During the construction, a great deal of prefabrication was employed. Factory-made concrete components, weighing up to 27 tons, were used. Over 15,000 of these components were produced at Iver and transported by truck to London Airport. More than 100,000 tons of concrete were mixed on site for apron slabs, hangar and workshop floors and the great beams spanning each of the hangar doors. Electrical, mechanical, heating and ventilating cost £1,500,000. The hangars are heated by means of steel tubes embedded in the concrete floors, supplemented by unit heaters.



The complicated instrumentation of an engine test-bed panel inside the new BEA hangar

Inside the block is a Comet 4C during servicing. Almost 2,000 tons of tubular steel were used in the hangar roof spans, some of which are 130 ft. long

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

GENERAL POST. We have arrived at that season of the year when the motoring holiday public will be engaged in a glorified form of that game of our childhood "General Post."

There are certain places in Britain which stand out a mile as useful bases either in transit or as pleasant headquarters for motoring expeditions in their particular neighbourhoods; so, for those who will be touring Scotland during the spring and summer, here are some notes for guidance.

I am often asked about Oban, a most popular resort in the holiday season for land or sea trips. All coach tours embracing Scotland make a bee-line for this almost land-locked seaside town and, as a consequence, accommodation is often at a premium. If you want to stay in Oban itself choose the *Alexandra Hotel* at the quiet end of the town—though you must book well ahead. On the other hand, as five miles is no distance in a car, I would suggest the twenty-bedroom *Falls of Lora Hotel* at Connel Ferry, where no coach parties are accepted. Here one experiences a delightful sense of old-world Scottish courtesy, completely unruffled by the world outside. For over fifty years it has been owned and personally run by Mrs. M. M. Stewart, with the co-operation of her grandson and a team of faithful employees.

Dornoch, on Scotland's eastern seaboard, seems to be more in the news this year, for I have received several inquiries concerning this ancient burgh renowned for its sands, sea bathing and golf links. For those who seek the luxury type of holiday hotel which has everything laid on for holiday attraction and for gastronomic interest, the *Dornoch Hotel*, under the direction of British Transport Hotel Services, is the answer. But for more modest purses and tastes, I suggest *Dornoch Castle Hotel*, very historic and most happily furnished and complete with such modern appointments as central heating and an electric lift.

A reader who did not want to travel as far north and yet wished to get an insight into Scottish scenery combined with a few lazy days fishing, has taken my advice and is hoping to get fixed up either at *Ardbrecknish House Hotel* or *Portsonachan Hotel*, both on the south shore of Loch Awe and both with Dalmally as a postal address.

Ardbrecknish House is owned and personally directed by Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Oatts, who specialise in a homely atmosphere for families and fishermen, with twenty bedrooms, boats and pleasant grounds. Catering standards are high and are enjoyed the more in a dining-room where candlelight displays to advantage sparkling silver and glass.

Very similar amenities are offered at the *Portsonachan Hotel*, where Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Young are well versed in the local loch fishing, in Scottish lore and dress. A sound recommendation has *Portsonachan Hotel* been for many years and especially can it be commended for all who would learn something of Scottish history and tradition.

Inverness has never excited me from an hotel angle, although it may be that I have not probed sufficiently deeply. My preference is often for somewhere outside a town rather than in one and I have an old love, fifteen miles from Inverness on the road to Fort William—the *Lewiston Arms*, Drumnadrochit. With only nine bedrooms, early reservations are most advisable, the more so as this Highland inn is much sought after by fishermen as well as by motorists in transit. Naturally, such a small inn does not take motor-coaches, so Lieut.-Colonel G. M. Malcolm and his wife are able to give personal attention to their guests in true Scottish fashion.

Naturally, golf is a great magnet of attraction to those bent on a Scottish holiday and I cannot attempt to say much on such a wide subject. St. Andrews, the birthplace of golf, is a great mecca, especially for overseas visitors, and my recommendation is *Rufflets Hotel*—a country-house style of hotel on the Ceres-Kirkcaldy road. What I like about *Rufflets* is that it is away from the golf links, so golf is by no means the only topic of conversation. It is personally run by Mr. and Mrs. G. Cook, who make the best possible use of their productive and delightful grounds. Here it will soon become apparent that St. Andrews has far more to its credit than golf, for 85 per cent. of its holiday visitors come to enjoy its sands, sunshine and invigorating air.

A great paradise for golfers is the North Berwick/Gullane area and *The Marine Hotel*, North Berwick, is justifiably famous for its excellence as a first-class hotel. Should you, however, prefer something smaller, intimate, and more of a country house, consider *Greywalls*, a Lutyens-designed house, facing Muirfield and close to North Berwick and Gullane courses. Not only is *Greywalls* architecturally right, but Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. F. H. Weaver have a high regard for artistry in furnishings, food and wine.

The west coast of Scotland vies with the east coast in catering for golfers and Prestwick, Turnberry and Troon are landmarks for all who are keen on the game.

The *Marine Hotel* is a favourite for golfers and, with Prestwick airport, Kilmarnock and Glasgow so accessible, the hotel has an all-season clientele with dinner-dances every Saturday. Of recent years an immense amount of money has been spent in modernisation and refurnishing and, as a result, Troon's *Marine Hotel* is now one of the gayest and most modern in Scotland.

I am constantly stressing to motorists the advisability of steering clear of the congested Gretna/Glasgow A.74 road and taking that much more pleasant route via Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Gatehouse-of-Fleet on to Turnberry, and then following the coastline up the Firth of Clyde.

In any case the Stewarty of Kirkcudbright is well worth exploring and my advice is to follow in the footsteps of Robert Burns and stay at *The Murray Arms*, Gatehouse-of-Fleet (where he wrote "Scots Wha' Hae"). Of recent years this once posting inn has been admirably modernised and redecorated by its active managing director, Mrs. Murray-Usher, and my wife and I find it not only an admirable base for the purposes outlined above, but, if you should be taking the short sea route to Ireland, Stranraer/Larne, the *Murray Arms* will be glad to welcome you.

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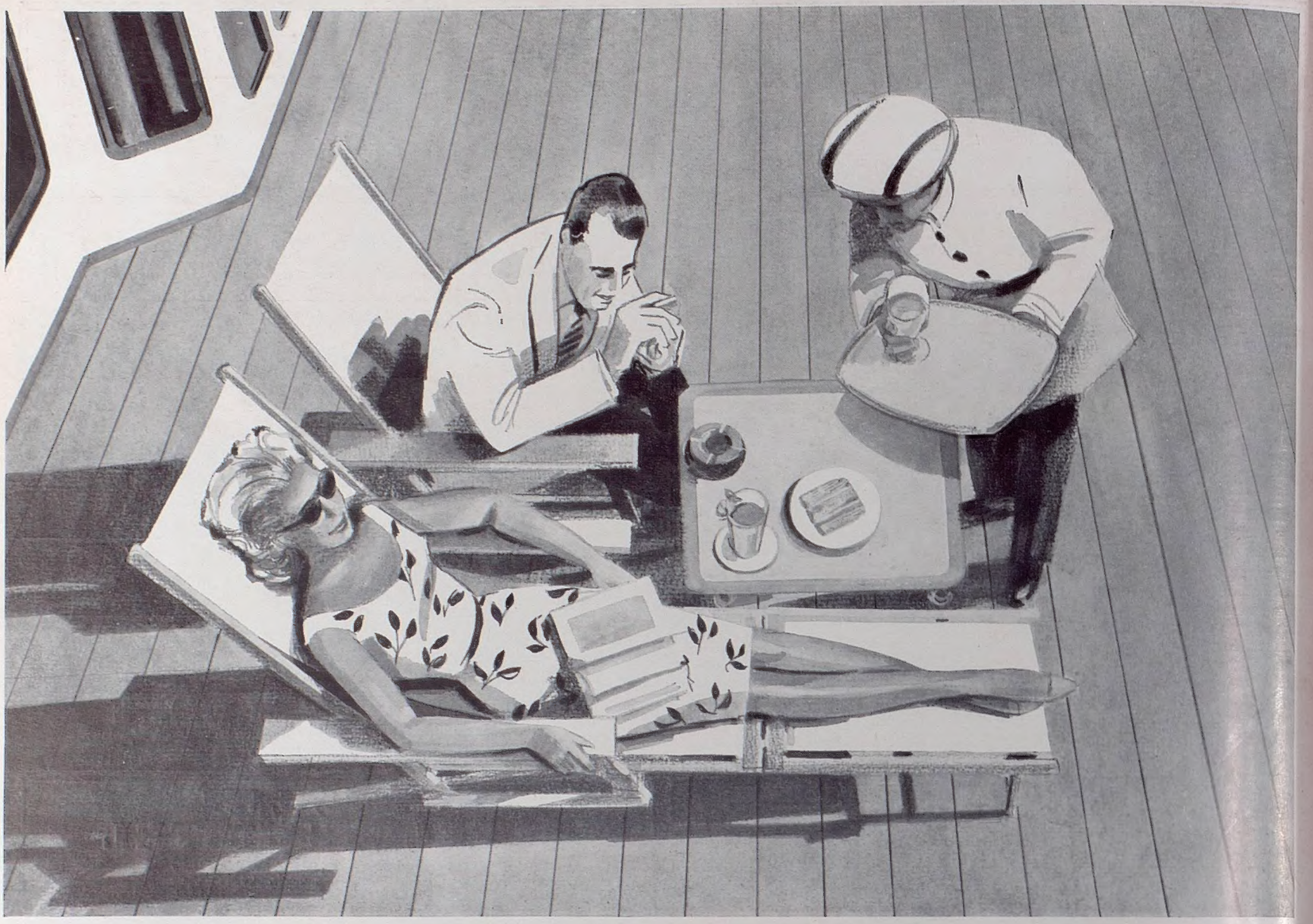

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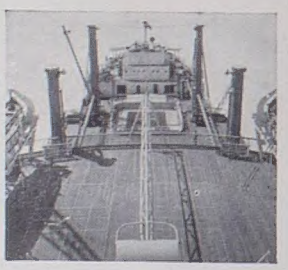

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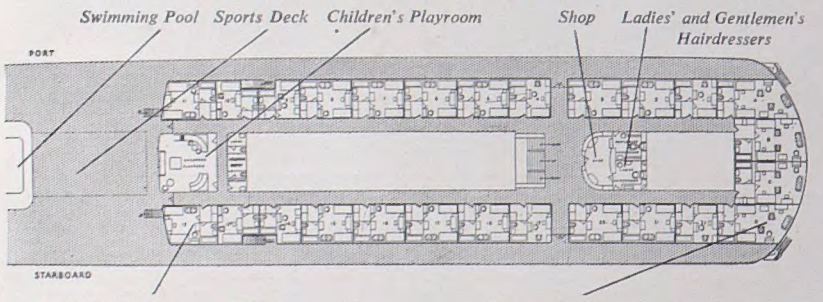

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